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Mr. YATES THOMPSON'S MANUSCRIPTS (Illustrated). By Sir Edward Sullivan.

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

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SMALL HOLDINGS v. FACTORY FARMS

IT is a welcome sign of the importance attached to the rural situation that in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review* the first place is given to an article on "Profit Sharing in Agriculture." The contribution is anonymous, but the identity of the writer will offer no puzzle to students of agricultural economy. He is an enthusiast for the large factory farm worked by a staff participating in the profits. His plan will be apparent from a brief analysis of his "hypothetical example." For the sake, we assume, of presenting figures close to actuality he deals with it on a pre-war basis. The farmer is a tenant of 1,000 acres with the usual £10 an acre of working capital invested in it. His problem is to distribute the profit on a system so absolutely fair as to content labour and so avoid strikes on the one hand and, on the other, assure the capitalist that he will not be robbed of a fair interest on his investment. Underlying all is the desire to formulate a plan that will content

the worker without scaring capital. Now let us see how he hopes to attain this most desirable object. It is suggested that the interest on capital should be 6 per cent., or about 2 per cent. more than a bank would give, the higher interest being given on account of the greater risk. Thus the farmer, if he supplied the whole of the capital, would be entitled to draw £600 a year as interest. But as manager he should also draw a salary, say, of £400, making £1,000 a year.

Labour, consisting of thirty men paid on a pre-war scale an average wage of 18s. a week, would receive £1,400. It is proposed that the payment for labour, capital and management, in this case £2,400, should be a first charge, after which further income would rank as profit. Suppose the profit to be £1,000, the dividend on £2,400 would be 8s. 4d. in the pound. This would mean to the farmer an additional £250 as capitalist and £166 as manager, making a total of £416. Labour would claim £584, or sufficient to raise the weekly wage of the individual from 18s. to 25s. 6d. The farmer's income would be £1,416 on a capital of £10,000, not an unreasonable sum if we take into account that he has put £10,000 into the business and has also supplied the managerial brains.

These are the main lines of the scheme, but the details are equally interesting. One is that as the practice of agriculture involves rise and fluctuation, 20 per cent. of the profits should be allocated to the formation of a reserve fund which should be allowed to accumulate until it is equal to a year's normal payment to capital, management and labour; that is to say, in this case, £2,400. Should a bad year end with a deficit, one half the loss should be drawn from the reserve fund, and the other fall on the employer. The latter receives an extra percentage of profit in order to meet such a contingency, and as the labourers must live it is necessary that they should receive their minimum wage intact. But in good years the worker should be encouraged to invest his share of profit in the business. The very moderate return assumed for illustration would place a sum of £20 at his disposal when the profit sharing took place, so that he would receive exactly the same rate of interest as falls to the farmer.

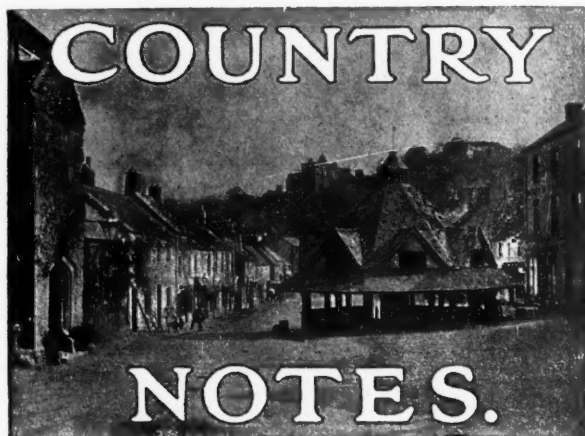
A scheme like this is well entitled to consideration in view of the halting and hesitating policy of the Government. To the less independent type of labourer it might possess more attraction than the small holding. It would be to the advantage of the country to have both well established, each in the circumstances most suitable to it. Each in its own way suggests a means of escape from the threat of labour troubles. Our own preference is for the small-holder. With him there can be no labour trouble. His wages are what he can make, and he has every encouragement to use brain and body to their utmost capacity. And few things are so certain to increase a man's self-respect and feeling of responsibility than the ownership of land. Under his own vine and fig tree, lord of his own little garth, he can "look the whole world in the face for he owes not any man." In regard to his productive power the review is not quite convincing. To say that intensive farming can be done as well on a factory farm as on a small holding is a mere *ipse dixit*. Is it? We would like the writer to give an answer in the shape of statistics of the returns respecting larger farms and small holdings.

Theoretically, a man farming a thousand acres can work as intensively as one dealing with two acres, but in practice he does not do so. For he has always the knowledge at the back of his head that if he can make a good return from ordinary methods he is safe. A clear profit, for example, of ten shillings an acre on a thousand acres would be £500 a year. But the small-holder puts all his energy into his work because he knows that a profit of £1 an acre would be of no use to him. He is forced to adopt intensive measures or go out; and accordingly he casts about for methods and crops which will give him the greatest return. He is regardless of the labour involved, provided he can obtain the desired result.

Our Frontispiece

WE print as frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE a portrait of the youngest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, Miss Enid Ward, whose engagement is announced to Captain Alan Adair, M.C., Grenadier Guards, only son of Sir Shafto and Lady Adair.

. It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



At any time much sympathy would be felt with the Royal Family on the occasion of the young Prince's death, but it will be particularly intense and genuine at the present moment. The war, which has shaken so many thrones, has only rooted King George and Queen Mary more deeply than ever in the affection of their subjects. The death of Prince John, although sudden, was not entirely unexpected. It was thought at one time that he was getting over the weakness of his infancy, but the epileptic attacks returned with frequency during his twelfth and thirteenth years and have for some time past caused great anxiety. He was born in July, 1905, so that he had not reached his fourteenth year. To outward appearance he was a healthy and very lively and attractive boy, but the weakness with which he was born proved ineradicable. It must be some consolation that he did not die in pain, but passed away in his sleep. We can but re-echo the sincere sorrow of all English-speaking people that the Royal Family of Great Britain should have had to endure so poignant a loss at a moment when peace and happiness were spreading over the Empire.

THE opening of the Peace Conference, the weightiest and most important of its kind ever held, was marked by an outflow of oratory worthy of the occasion. The opening speech was made by M. Poincaré, who began with the very apposite statement that exactly forty-eight years ago to the day the German Empire was proclaimed "with every circumstance of conquering pomp and insolence in the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles." Half a century is but a short time in the history of a nation, and we know of no change recorded in history so extraordinary and dramatic as that marked by the present Peace Conference. M. Poincaré's theme was that the spirit of Justice had prevailed against the spirit of Violence, and that now the penalty should be imposed upon the offender. He was followed by President Wilson who, in the concise and distinguished language of which he is master, proposed that M. Clemenceau should be made President of the meeting. Mr. Lloyd George seconded this motion in a speech full of the fire and spirit of which he holds the key. Baron Sonnino added the voice of Italy to that of the United States and Great Britain, and the newly chosen President replied with dramatic emphasis, which bore the mark of "The Tiger's" individuality.

LAND reclamation occupies a considerable amount of space in the new number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture. First of all the speech of the Prime Minister is quoted, in which he said that reclamation should be "a connected effort directed by the State," adding that "at the present moment there are hundreds of thousands of acres that, on investigation, have been demonstrated to be capable of being reclaimed." A record of what has already been done shows that Mr. Lloyd George was not at all too sanguine. In the West Riding of Yorkshire alone the Agricultural Executive Committee have reclaimed 1,100 acres and improved 64,977 acres. The cost has certainly not been excessive. An area of 3,327 acres was improved and 700 acres reclaimed at an estimated cost of £1,365. At Tickhill the area improved was 2,750 acres, and that reclaimed 200 acres, the actual cost being £364 18s. 4d. At Thorne an area of 13,000 acres was improved and 200 acres reclaimed at an estimated cost of £2,700. These are fair samples of the work done and the expense of doing it. The improvement was effected for the most part by drainage. The Journal also gives a most interesting account of the manner in which land

in Dorset was made to produce an excellent crop of potatoes. The land was covered with gorse and rough undergrowth in the autumn of 1917, but Captain Barton, who was in charge of the experiment, secured German prisoner labour and began by cutting and burning the gorse. The turf was then stripped off and buried and the ashes from the burnt gorse spread over the land, thus adding a useful amount of potash. The work of clearing and bastard trenching was all done by hand. The soil was light loam on chalk, and although no natural or artificial manure was added, except the ashes, a really good crop of potatoes was grown. When lifted in September, it averaged 10 tons to 12 tons to the acre, a fact which indicates in no uncertain way what can be done with much of the land at present covered by gorse.

THE ingenious writer whose plan for profit-sharing in agriculture forms the subject of our leading article to-day, makes a curious mistake that may not invalidate, but decidedly weakens, his argument. It is that the different wage rates in different parts of Great Britain were governed by local custom. Now, that is a serious mis-statement. Agricultural wages were low in those districts where there were no great industries competing for labour. They have always been high in Yorkshire and Lancashire, because these are great manufacturing counties. They are high in Derbyshire, Northumberland, Durham and the coal districts generally, because the labourer who is not content with his wage on the farm can always go to the pit. But wherever agriculture was the only great industry the tendency was for wages to sink to their lowest level. That is the reason why East Anglian labour was always badly paid. There are no great industries in the district. The same may be said of Berkshire, Oxford, Devon—all the counties in fact which showed before the war very low wages for agricultural labour. Obviously, if factories could be started that would offer another inducement to the worker a better solution to the wage difficulty would be found than that of Government interference. Control may be justified by the circumstances of the moment, but fixed prices of any kind often as they have been tried in history have never attained permanency.

BINDWEED.

Thou art not come from heaven, but fairyland,
Creature of pearl and snow and magic dew,
Thou full-blown trumpet of some elfin crew
Flung by the passing band
In petulant idleness when noonday sleep
Broods on the woodlands deep,
To swing, unheeded, all the long day through.

Dreams—dreams—the day-dreams and the dreams of night
Are spun, enwoven in thy frail festoon
And from the heart of thy translucent white
Spirits come out to parley with the moon,
Enchantment, fantasy,
The things that are not and will never be!

Where is the soul of fairyland confined?
In what fell stronghold are its accents lost?
They vanished in the child-world left behind
With but an echo tost
Upon the tumult of a later day
To float awhile, and floating, die away.

But when the wandering of some idle hour
Reveals thy fragile trail across the bough,
To long-forgotten paths, familiar now,
Thy presence lures us, long-remembered flower,
And, with our feet beside these thresholds set,
We pause one flying moment, children yet.

VIOLET JACOB.

IN the *Times* on Monday there was an interesting analysis of the constituents of the new House of Commons. The salient feature is that of the 703 members elected, 338, or nearly half the total number, were not in the last Parliament. They are, therefore, practically speaking, an unknown quantity, and may possibly give a very unexpected direction to the political projects with which they will have to deal. It must be also unprecedented that 250 Service men who were actually in the war have been returned. They vary in rank from General Sir Archibald Hunter to Sergeant Trevelyan Thompson. Among them are experts on nearly every form of warfare. They ought to form an efficient and most

admirable part of the new House of Commons. Those who did war work at home are also well represented. There is Mr. Douglas Vickers, head of the great armament firm; Admiral Adair, head of the gun department at Beardmore's; Sir Hallett Rogers, chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms Company. Fortunate, too, is it that the King's Dominions beyond the seas are well represented in the new Parliament. Sir Frederick Young, the new Member for Swindon, sat in the South Australian Legislature; Major-General Sir Newton Moore was Premier of Western Australia, and Mr. Macmaster and Mr. Cathcart Wason represented respectively Canada and New Zealand, as well as Chertsey and the Orkney and Shetland. We are told that there are fewer barristers than usual among the new Members, and that also is a matter for satisfaction. It is evident that the House may have some surprises in store when its latent talent has an opportunity of showing itself.

A WIDESPREAD dismay has been caused by the prospect either of a great strike among the miners or a huge increase in the price of coal. Those who are striving with might and main to recover the industrial ground lost during the war are keenly alive to the fact that cheap coal is one of the essentials of success. There is scarcely an industry in the country that would not be crippled by an increase in price, and there are few articles in common use which would not cost more to the public. But there is nothing more useless than "hot air" at such a crisis. Far better would it be to make a calm and careful examination of the claims put forward and see if there is no way of avoiding the threatened catastrophe. According to a correspondent to the *Times*, who signs himself "Mine Owner," wages paid in a Lancashire colliery for the week ended January 11th give very little sanction to the strike. In one of the two seams from which the bulk of the coal is obtained the average net earnings of the colliers were 23s. a day, and in the other 20s. 11d. per day. A steady man and his three sons for the pay ended January 11th (six days) drew clear, after all stoppages were met, £27 12s. 6d. He paid his two sons, aged seventeen and eighteen respectively, £3 3s. and £3 6s., leaving £21 3s. 6d. to be divided between himself and his eldest son, *i.e.*, £10 11s. 9d. each for six days' work.

IT is admitted that miners are entitled to good wages. They have to work hard, face a considerable amount of danger, and the occupation is not, at the best, a very healthy one. The just way of discovering whether they are really earning the money paid them is for the mine owners to show their balance sheets. If they are receiving, say, 40 per cent. on their capital, then there is no need for the price of coal to go up, because 20 per cent. would be a good return. That is one point of view. The other is that if the miners are going to stick out for shorter hours and larger wages, they must at the same time agree to increase the output per man, which is less in this country than in any other great country of the world. It is up to them to show from the earnings in a number of representative collieries that the figures quoted by "Mine Owner" are either very exceptional or are in some way deserved. They know among themselves that workers are by no means equally deserving. Some are naturally steady and diligent. A second class are moderately good; a third inclined to be bad; and a fourth verging on the worthless. In order to secure public sympathy, without which the efforts to better their conditions are in vain, they must exert themselves to raise the efficiency of their class, and they must also show that labour is not exacting any more than its fair share of profit. To put the same thing in other words, it would be most unfair to the vast numbers of men who will be wanting work to make work scarce by increasing the price of coal. That must be avoided at all hazards.

A VERY clear moral can be drawn from the fact that the Government on closing the subscriptions to the old War Bonds has substituted a new form of borrowing which is equally expensive to the country and lucrative to the lender. It means that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is confronted with a peace expenditure not incomparable to that of war. For purposes that are admirable and even necessary, millions have been reeled off in that spirit of careless prodigality which the outbreak of hostilities brought with it. The soldier must have his pension, and his land settlement if he requires it; education outlay is most praiseworthy; housing expense is inevitable; roads have to be mended, and the £10,000,000 already voted for the purpose is a drop in the ocean. But the country's resources, taxed as they have been beyond all precedent during the last five years,

are strained to breaking point in order to meet these new expenses. The moral is that national economy must become as great a study as personal economy was during the war. The war has turned the old state of affairs upside down. Before, we had a rich Government and many poor, but the vast increase in Post Office savings and the savings at the Joint Stock Banks show the position to be reversed. The poor have become rich and the Government has become poor. Those members of the new Parliament who direct their whole energy and zeal to the enforcing of national economy will soon find that they have the support of the nation.

AN officer who had previously asked and received some advice here has been kind enough to send a letter written to him by a friend who took up farming twelve years ago after twenty years in a city business. It is a very practical exposition, and we venture to extract from it what may be of use to others: "I think that the answer to your question is that farming on a large scale will pay, and that farming a small farm will produce rather a bad loss. Also that farming good land will pay, and farming poor clay land will not. It is better to pay a high rent for good land than low rent for bad land. An acre of bad land will produce four sacks of wheat at 37s. 6d. = £7 10s.; an acre of good land will produce ten sacks at 37s. 6d. = £18 15s. Both require the same seed and labour. So I think it is cheaper to rent at 40s. per acre of good land than at 15s. per acre of bad land. It is most difficult to advise at the present time because 'are the present war wages going to come down again?' Here carters and cowmen are getting a minimum of 38s. a week and 9d. an hour overtime work, against 18s. a week and 5d. an hour overtime formerly. I call a small farm 150 acres, and a large farm 300 to 500 acres. You must not forget that it will cost you about £10 per acre to 'go into' and stock a farm; *i.e.*, it would cost £3,500 to go into a 350-acre farm, and I do not think that you could do it for less. It does not pay to have a few cows or a few chickens or a few pigs, because a few of anything wastes the time of the stockman."

WEATHER SIGNS.

If high in sky
The swallows fly,
You need not fear the clouds will cry.

Not so if low
The swallows go,
Then you must look for tears to flow.

If closed the cone,
Fine weather's done.
If open shown,
It's just begun.

If the cattle seek the hill,
We shall keep the sunshine still;
But if in the vale they lie,
Rain and storms are drawing nigh.

MARGERY MOODIE.

IT is a very great pleasure to publish Sir Edward Sullivan's essay on the magnificent gifts conferred upon the nation by Mr. Yates Thompson. A peculiar kind of romance hangs round the wonderful illuminated work of the monks of the fourteenth century. The imagination loves to dwell on them writing, writing, day after day, week after week, and even year after year. "Time is money" says the worldling, but money and consequently time had not the value to those cloistered artists. They judged it well spent if occupied in doing something to beautify the Church itself or the sacred texts of their psalms and services. We can see from the colophons that it was customary to inscribe at the end of their work that sometimes the best of a lifetime was given to decorating a Psalter or a Book of Hours. Their work now furnishes endless scope for the investigation of the historical expert, but to them its chiefest interest was its being something done towards the greater glory of God. Of such as they no doubt Milton was thinking when he wrote of "a cloistered and unbreathed virtue."

Since the prospect of peace became assured we have had many letters of enquiry from officers and privates as to the best means of getting on the land, the capital required for a start and other matters pertaining to starting a farm. This is a note to say that at all times we are very willing to do anything that will assist those who have fought for their country. Any enquiries addressed to the Editor will be carefully answered either direct from the office or by one of the many experts with whom we are in touch.

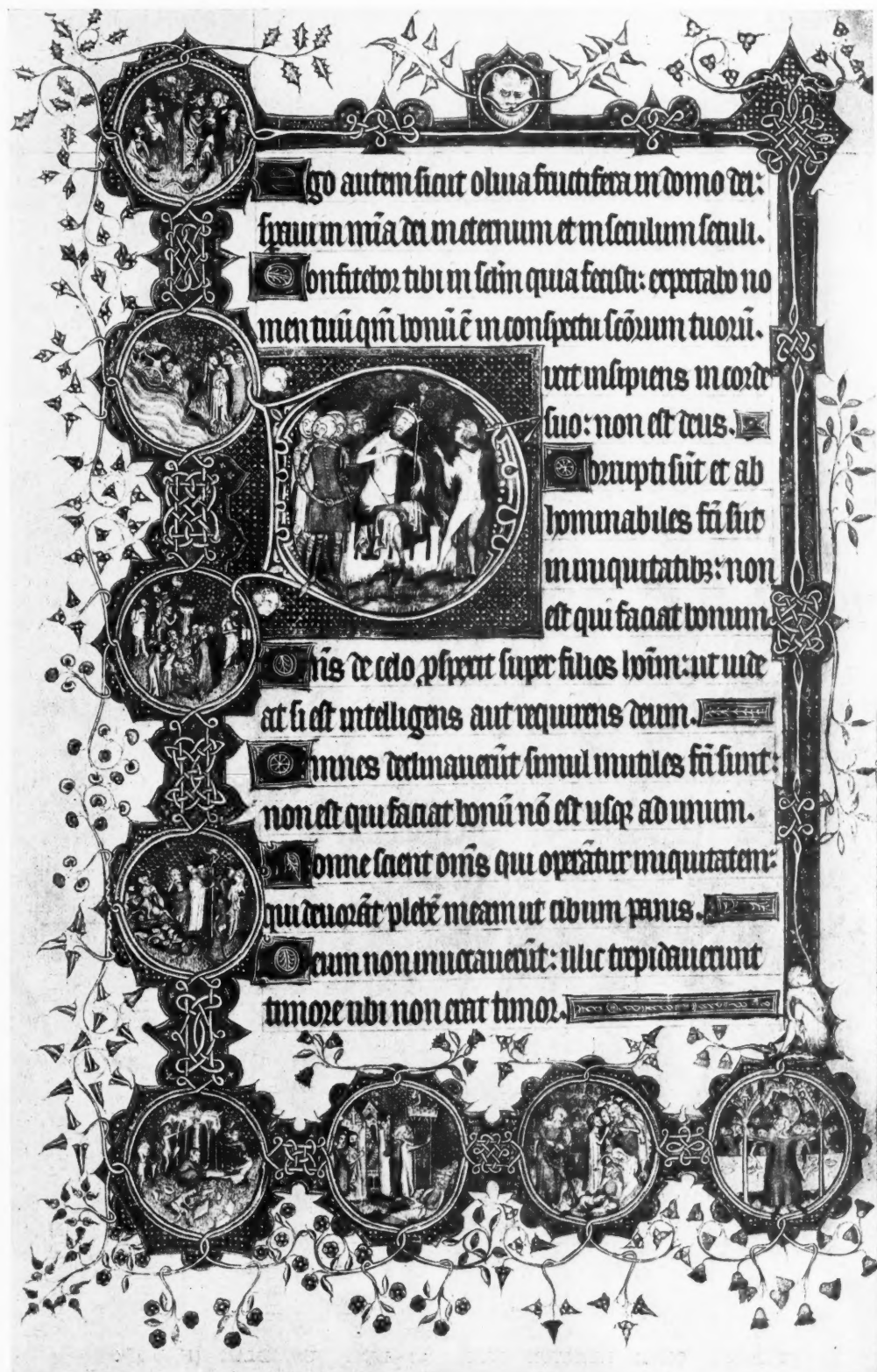
MR. YATES THOMPSON'S MANUSCRIPTS

BY SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN.

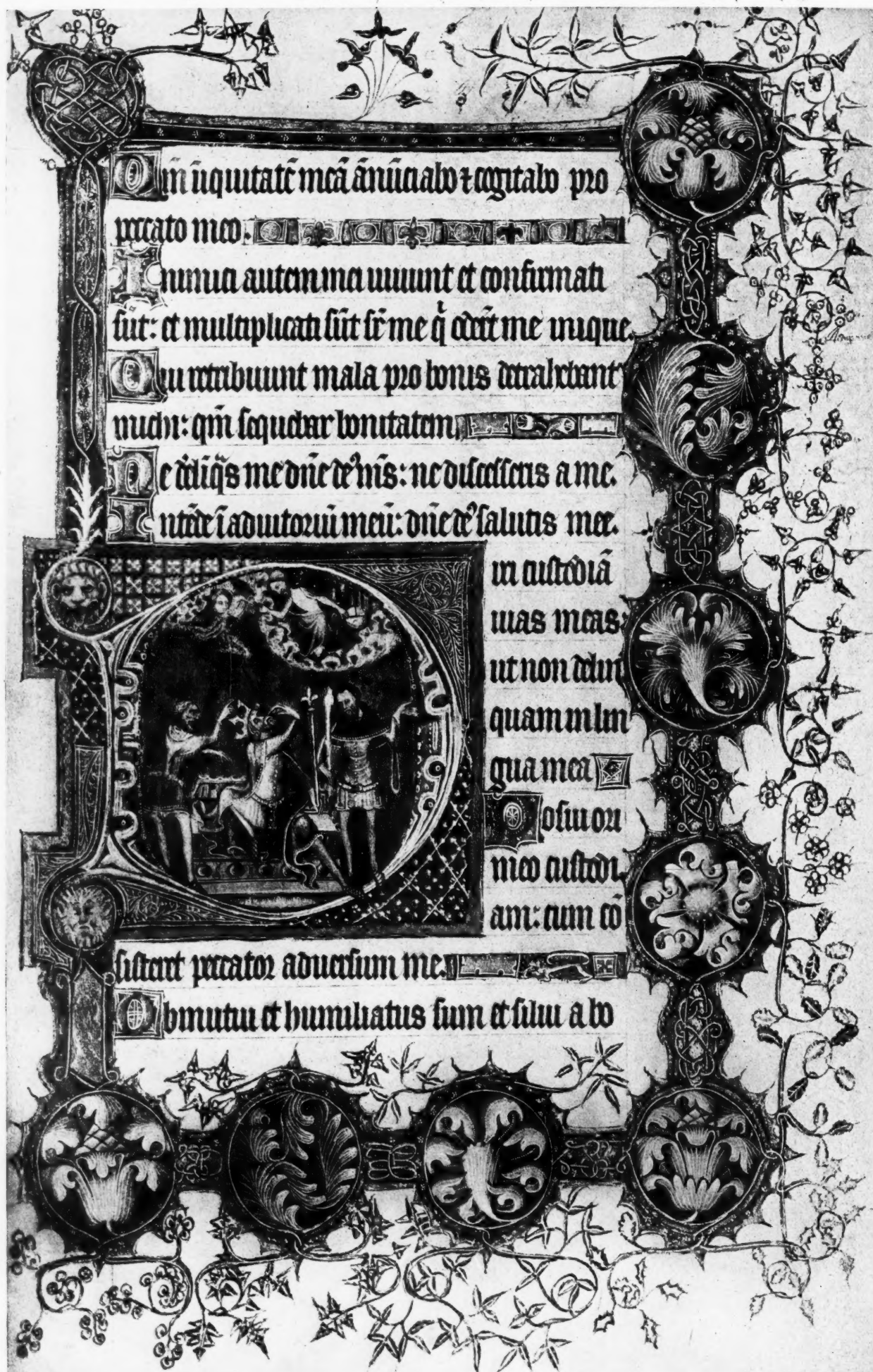
THE two great gifts of Mr. H. Yates Thompson to the nation, shortly described and illustrated in last week's issue, suggest an opportunity of enlarging somewhat upon the special features of those incomparable manuscripts, the St. Omer Psalter and the Metz Pontifical; and also of adding a few observations upon the origin and development of the schools of artistic illumination which after varying vicissitudes came to produce such notable examples of decorative palæography in the early fourteenth century in France and in England. It may be said at once that, so far as Western Europe is concerned, the Church was the great originator of all the decorative methods of adding to the beauty of books—of everything,

in fact, that went to the production of what has long been known as an illuminated manuscript.

The Egyptians, Greeks and Romans had undoubtedly produced artistic work of this kind in very early days, and it is even possible that traditional forms of miniature illustration had passed down through dark ages to the monks who made the art their own at Byzantium and Rome in the early days of Christianity. The subject is, however, too intricate to go into in a mere sketch, and so it is enough to say for present purposes that the fountain-head of fine illumination in the whole of Western Europe had its most effective origin in Ireland. From shortly after the introduction of Christianity to that country the Irish monks



THE ST. OMER PSALTER. PSALM 52—DIXIT INSIPIENS (Folio 57, b).



seem to have taken instinctively to the beautifying of their Gospels and other kindred works; and in the sixth century of our era they had already equipped several monastic schools in which illuminated manuscripts were being produced which were characterised by indications of high development in

extraordinary school that before long it had evolved what is to-day acknowledged by every expert on the subject to be the most beautifully decorated manuscript in the world—that is to say, the Book of Kells; and yet there is no gold used on any of its pages.



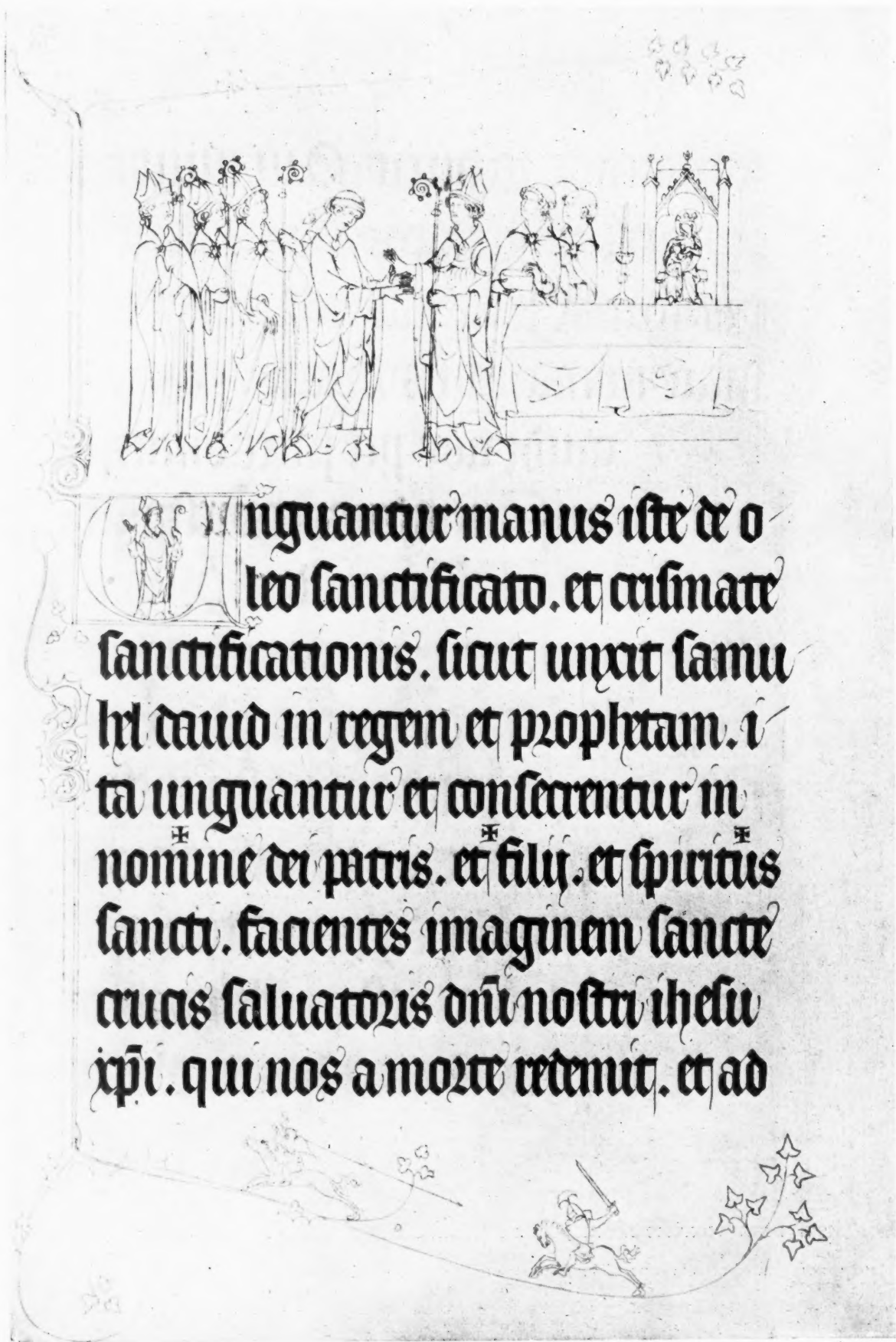
THE METZ PONTIFICAL. BISHOP SPRINKLING THE WALLS OF CHURCH (Folio 7).

an absolutely new form of artistic expression. The keynote of the Celtic school was ornament. For reasons of their own they took no heed of figure-painting, except with a view to making it serve its turn as something subservient to a scheme of ornamental decoration. So successful was this

The activities of this foundation in Ireland came to an end about the year 1000 A.D. It could not survive the constant incursions of the Danes and other hordes, who ransacked and pillaged the monasteries as unsparingly as other habitations. Long, however, before that date these

monks had sent out emissaries to Iona, Northumberland, and many places on the Continent, in all which directions the Celtic artistic traditions were followed for many years after the drying up of the fountain-head from which they had their origin. It will be easily understood that the farther from home this Celtic type of decoration moved, the more it became modified by artistic influences of a local kind in the countries it traversed, and by even stronger influences from Byzantium which were then permeating Europe from the East. Byzantine traditions, with their cold and mosaic-like

formality, had from early times been moving steadily in a westerly direction; and their insidious influence can be very plainly seen in the figures and draperies that occur in the famous Lindisfarne Gospels, the date of which is in all probability of the early eighth century. The distinctive marks of that influence had before then been left upon the artistic work of a large portion of Europe, especially in Italy and France; but it, too, like the Irish decorative forms when taken abroad, was all the while losing something of its original type. The two schools were in a perpetual antagonism for many centuries.



THE METZ PONTIFICAL. THE ANOINTING OF THE BISHOP'S HANDS (Folio 127).

In the midst of this curious and long-continued contest for supremacy, Charlemagne became King of the Franks in 771. Being possessed of high ideas in art, he soon established himself as the originator of a new style in decoration, and under his encouragement an artistic revival was brought about which extended well over Western Europe, including the South of England, and which, during the following centuries, went far towards shaping the form and spirit of all European pre-Gothic art. The outcome of this duel between Eastern and Western models, as shown by what took place some centuries later, was a fusion of clashing artistic traditions which led to very splendid results, among which were the production of such manuscripts as the two notable volumes which, through the generosity of Mr. H. Y. Thompson, have now become the property of the nation.

The St. Omer Psalter is the embodiment of a combination of these contending influences as they developed into their most perfect form in East Anglia, the Metz Pontifical representing, but in a lesser degree, the union of Eastern and Western traditions at their highest excellence in France. They are both of the early fourteenth century. The St. Omer Psalter, as will be seen from the illustrations here, is chiefly characterised by spacious richness of design of not too intricate a nature, combined with minute and charming delicacy in the miniature figure compositions which accretuate the general scheme of ornamentation. The incidental beasts, such as unicorns, bears, stags and other animals, the many forms of winged things, and the puny human figures which are introduced, as it were, promiscuously, on the projecting ends of strapwork ribbons and branching sprays, are all dovetailed into the general decoration with a most masterly sense of harmonious fitness. The line-fillings and verse-initials of the manuscript have, in some instances, been added in the fifteenth century. The manuscript, in an unfinished state, was in the possession of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, in 1422, and it is believed that he was responsible for these additions. In some of the pages towards the end of the book a certain French influence is observable, the borders showing a fairy-like lightness of touch and a delicacy of design which differ essentially from the more massive and close-wrought decorative framework of the earlier sections.

The Metz Pontifical, although "one of the most beautiful extant memorials of French early fourteenth century illumination," as it is described by Mr. J. A. Herbert, contains some unfinished pages which no later artist ever attempted to

complete. The suggestion has been made that the death of Bishop Renaud or Reinhold of Metz, for whom the manuscript was originally prepared, may account for its uncompleted state. It is, perhaps, more likely that the craftsman's death was the true cause, for miniaturists such as he were not easily come by in those or any other days. This theory is rendered all the more likely by the fact that the same thing precisely occurred in another very notable case. The greatest of the early Celtic manuscripts, the Book of Kells, contains a few pages in the same unfinished state as that in which we find some portions of the Pontifical of Metz. In the Irish case it seems almost certain from internal evidence that it was the illuminator that broke down, or died; for Danish incursions had at the time become so common, and the unfortunate monks, who were themselves the miniaturists, were so harried by the barbarians from overseas, that to find another artist to carry on the work of the incomparable illuminator of the Kells manuscript was next door to impossible. In both cases, however, the very deficiencies supply us with valuable and interesting compensations. They show us many of the preliminary stages of the work on which the craftsman was engaged, a knowledge of which it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to acquire in any other way.

The accompanying reproduction entitled "Bishop Sprinkling the Walls of the Church" contains, in addition to the large miniature, a finely executed initial letter O. There are many such artistically treated initials throughout the manuscript. The lower border of the same page furnishes a delightful example of the introduction of a humorous element into the decoration of even the most solemn portions of illuminated sacred works, a playful practice so frequently indulged in by the very finest craftsmen from early Christian times. A diminutive hare is there seen armed with a staff and loaded sling advancing against an armour-clad knight, whose reluctance to combat is indicated by the snail which is charged on the pennon in his right hand. The whole is obviously a parody of the story of David and Goliath.

The script of the Pontifical is black, and is full of bold and striking dignity, intensified by juxtaposition with the rich vermillion of the rubrics introduced. The illustration appended shows the extent of the unilluminated portions on one of the pages of the manuscript. It also inferentially tells us that the large miniatures were the work of the same hand that adorned the borders of the pages, a practice not always followed in the production of works of the kind.

THE HEREDITY OF THE SOUL

THE most brilliant article in the January number of the *Edinburgh Review* is that by Mr. Wyatt Tilby on "The Heredity of the Soul." It is full of scientific learning, but also of literary allusion punctuated with epigram. The opinion of the writer is that it is almost certainly true that there is a direct "heredity of the soul as well as of the body." But that does not predispose him to accept Galton's "spiritual heraldry," as he calls it, as the following passage will show. After pointing out that serious factors were ignored by Galton, he says: "Galton attempts to show that an artist's son tends to become an artist, a poet's son a poet, forgetting the notorious fact that Shakespeare was the son of a tradesman, Shelley or a country gentleman, Swinburne of a sailor, the Tennyson brothers of a clergyman, and Matthew Arnold—who was considered a poet in Galton's time—the son of a schoolmaster." We can imagine how some of the critics will comment on the phrase applied to Matthew Arnold, "he was considered a poet in Galton's time."

CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY AND DEMOCRACY.

The most original defence of the Romish rule enforcing the celibacy of the clergy is put forward in this article. "The belief in Apostolic succession," says the writer, "may have developed the pride of caste, but it has had the unmediated consequence of keeping the Church open to every class of man—an attitude necessarily stereotyped by the celibacy of the clergy, that most unexpected buttress of democracy." This is as true as it is clever. If a Cardinal or a Pope may not have legitimate children, then his office cannot become hereditary, which is the essence of aristocracy. As the author puts it, "not the most corrupt sect in the most corrupt period has ever dared to suggest that the grace of God was hereditary in its visitation. Even the son of the thief and the prostitute might sit in the seat of the Vicar of Christ and hold the keys of heaven."

In a previous passage he had enforced the same view: "If a man, in the common phrase, can call his soul his own, and in the pious language of our ancestors 'render up his spirit to God Who gave it,' yet the pride of long descent has taken root in every society which has the necessary foundations of relative stability and inequality, the doctrine of divine right inevitably involves the necessity of hereditary succession,

deposed kings are followed into exile by banished sons, the belief in tainted blood has attracted dramatists from Sophocles to Ibsen, and the shame of bastardy is universal. If the soul derives directly and solely from its Creator, why should these things be?"

THE BRUTE AND THE MAN.

Mr. Tilby's plan is to show that the soul, that is to say Consciousness, developed with the power of movement. The primitive animal, like the plant, may have had no power of movement and therefore no consciousness. It assimilated its food passively, and if the food was not carried to it by air or sea it must have died like a vegetable without water. "Its earliest distinctive organ was the mouth, which enabled it to absorb its food through one specialised channel instead of through its skin, and in most cases, but not in all, to develop lungs instead of breathing, like the plant, through its whole surface. The mouth, therefore, whose earliest common form we may, perhaps, see in insectivorous plants, was clearly of enormous importance; it was the beginning of localised movement, and carried with it the faculty of discrimination, or acceptance or rejection of food, through the associated sense organ of taste." He had previously quoted a saying of Balzac, one which he numbers among "flashes of genius by which Balzac enslaves all who are worth enslaving." The particular "flash" quoted is "if God is eternal be sure that He moves perpetually: perhaps God is Movement." We have progressed, but have not got so very far ahead of the brute yet. Birds will desert their young when the season of emigration comes. But cannibalism, exposure and infanticide have also been common among men. Animals have been termed callous because they stare and smell at a dead comrade, but it is recorded by an eminent scientific man that he saw a woman on the Amazon "laugh at the description of the eating of her own husband by the very girl who had joined in the horrible feast. Animals, again, will drive old and feeble members from the herd; but savage tribes sacrifice their old women before the dogs in times of famine." The only considerable difference that the writer draws between the brute and ourselves is that "most animals only enslave and prey on other species. Man enslaves and preys on his own kind as well."

To take out these scintillations of wit is not to analyse the argument of a very remarkable article, but it may induce readers to examine it for themselves.

THE WYKEHAMISTS' WAR MEMORIAL

BY AYMER VALLANCE.

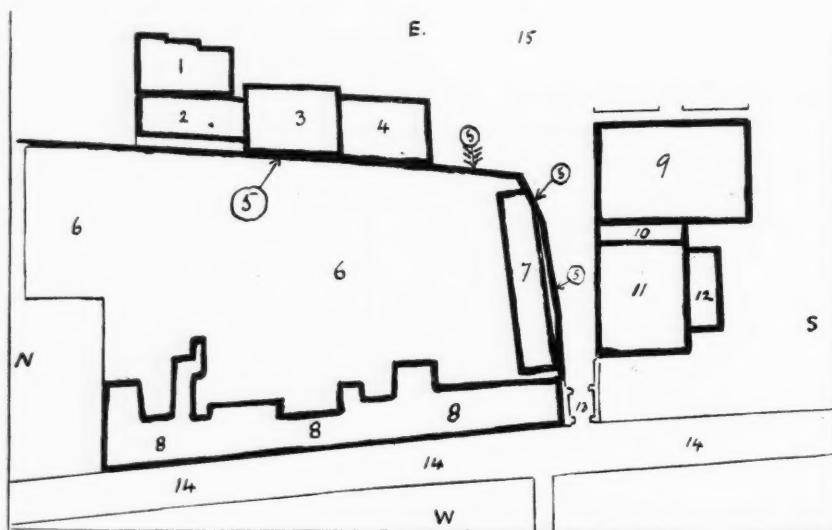
IF to reconcile the respective claims of history and antiquity on the one hand and of the justifiable human impulse to set up commemorative monuments on the other hand is always a difficult problem, even under normal conditions, it becomes tenfold more difficult at a momentous period like the present, when hearts are stirred to their deepest depths and hands are open for spending with a generosity almost without bounds. A specific occasion of the kind, involving an aggregate outlay of no less than £125,000, has now arisen at Winchester, where two separate and distinct schemes for war memorials, the one for the county, the other for the College, are being mooted. The College scheme, by far the more ambitious of the two, and such that it is proposed to spend £100,000 upon it, is the subject of the present article. The promoters in both cases have placed themselves under the professional guidance of Mr. Herbert Baker, F.R.I.B.A. Now, this gentleman, though British-born, is neither a Wykehamist nor an Oxford man. Thus, at the impressionable age of school and university days he never came under the spell of William of Wykeham at either of his two magnificent foundations of St. Mary of Winton. Nay, his long residence abroad and the fact that he has spent the best part of his life remote from the atmosphere and inspiration of the indigenous architecture of England would scarcely seem to have been the most appropriate experience for qualifying an architect to deal with Winchester buildings. But Mr. Baker's work at Johannesburg seems to have had the good luck to win favour with the Earl of Selborne, who was Governor of the Transvaal and High Commissioner for South Africa from 1905 to 1910; and who also, as chairman of the Winchester War Memorial Committee, may be assumed to have exerted his influence with his colleagues to get the task entrusted to Mr. Baker. Anyhow, the latter has been employed by the Committee, regardless of the fact that it is one thing to be able to design for the spacious sites of a modern town like Johannesburg, or in the vast emptiness of new Delhi, but quite another thing to treat an ancient place like Winchester, where the ground is already occupied.

The positive features of Mr. Baker's scheme may be comprehended under two heads, viz., the erection of (1) a large "cloister" and (2) an assembly hall. The first is designed to furnish space upon its walls for inscribing the names of Wykehamists fallen in the war; the second would admittedly supply a real want in the life of the school. Let us take these two items in order. Now, to be accurate, Mr. Baker's "cloister" is not so much a cloister as a loggia. The arches themselves, with their broad, flat soffits, springing from paired columns, are reproduced from nothing earlier in the whole place than Mr. Basil Champneys' edifice of 1893-6; while the timber roof, differing from the cradle-roof of the old cloisters, both at Winchester College and at New College, Oxford, is of tie-beam and king-post construction. Now, whether Mr. Baker is incapable of appreciating the real spirit of Wykeham's buildings or not, the spirit of his own proposed buildings is quite opposed to them. If there is one factor more than another which characterises Wykeham's (as indeed every genuine product of the Middle Ages) it is freedom and spontaneity, an entire absence of any sort of self-conscious striving for effect. No aim of the latter sort ever entered into the head of the mason of Wykeham's time. He built simply and

solely for use, as the need of the moment demanded of him; and it was just out of that very singleness of purpose and complete self-abnegation on his part, his loyal acceptance of the requirements of utility, material and environment, that the result produced is perfectly beautiful and entirely satisfies our æsthetic sense. To have striven after beauty by rule and formula would have been the one sure and infallible way to miss it. Every stone of Wykeham's buildings bears eloquent, if silent, witness to this fundamental truth. To be convinced that it is so there is no need to step outside the main quadrangle of the college. Nothing therein exhibits a straining after symmetry. On the contrary, the main entrance on the north side is not in axial alignment with the outer gateway in College Street. Windows and doors do not correspond in any part of the quadrangle, for they are not spaced with a view to artificial balance, but for use, and they are accordingly placed just where they best fulfil that condition, regardless of symmetry.

The range of windows along the south side is not of one pattern nor of one size throughout, because they belong respectively to the chapel and to the hall, and Wykeham had no desire to disguise their different functions either at Winchester or at New College, in one uniform dress, as subsequent builders did in the case of Wadham, Oriel, University and Queen's Colleges in Oxford. It is this later spirit, not that of the

illustrious founder of Winchester College, that Mr. Baker has caught. He appears to have a servile attachment to vistas, symmetry and axial lines—will o' the wisp in pursuit of which he would constrain his proposed buildings in the lay out into irreconcilable relationships with those already standing. All the latter, from Wykeham's time to the present, have been erected without any common axis or set scheme; nor do they afford even an approximate basis on which such a scheme can be formulated.



BLOCK PLAN SHOWING PRESENT STATE OF THE SITE.

- 1, class rooms; 2, necessarium; 3, five courts; 4, open five courts; 5, an ancient boundary wall; 6, gardens belonging to houses; 7, Cecil Range; 8, eight dwelling houses; 9, quingentenary memorial buildings; 10, passage with part of museum over; 11, racquet court; 12, part of gymnasium; 13, Commoner Gate; 14, Kingsgate Street; 15, Meads.

Such being the case the natural and common-sense way to proceed with fresh buildings to front upon Kingsgate Street would have been to conform to the line of the said street, and, for the rest, to leave pedantic details like axes and symmetrical balance to take care of themselves. Instead of doing so, however, Mr. Baker deliberately founds an axial system on the Flint Court Buildings of about the year 1840. The choice is a peculiarly unhappy one, since the main result of it is to emphasise the utter incompatibility between the Kingsgate Street contour and the entire lay-out of the proposed new buildings. The latter, as viewed from the west, occasion a number of very ungainly spaces, which need never have existed, while the architect might have achieved a true axial entry from Commoner Gate into his new "cloister" had he but condescended to accept for determining factor the direction of the street by which the proposed buildings are to be bounded. On the east side of the "cloister" there is to be a second gateway, surmounted and flanked by class-rooms, which are not really wanted, if the existing ones are indeed to be set up again, after having been taken down. This brings us to the second part of Mr. Baker's scheme, to wit, the hall for school gatherings. And here it must be remarked that one has considerable difficulty in arriving at a just estimate of his work on account of the extraordinary nebulosity with which it is presented. The plan does not correspond with the perspective views, nor the views themselves with one another. Thus, the proposed hall is shown in one drawing as buttressed between every bay,

and in another drawing with four buttresses only, distributed so as to flank the last bay at either extremity of the elevation. At first sight it looks as though Mr. Baker had not yet made up his mind whether his buttresses are to be functional or ornamental. Wykeham never perpetrated so gross a solecism as to misuse functional factors as ornamental adjuncts. Take, for example, the embattling of parapets, a device so decorative in itself that many architects have succumbed to the temptation of employing it lavishly without reason. But throughout the two Colleges he founded Wykeham never resorted to battlements except where they might conceivably be required for purposes of defence. Thus, they occur on the summit of the watch-turrets of his gate-towers at Winchester, and on the bell-tower of New College at Oxford, standing as it does on the site of a former bastion of the city wall. In these instances the practical utility of crenellation, not its æsthetic value, was Wykeham's justification for adopting it.

It is fair to say that Mr. Baker has explained to me a certain point which his drawings, as printed and distributed, certainly do not make clear, viz., that the interior of the hall is to have four transverse arches of stone within the open timber roof. Such a device is an exceedingly rare one, and the only precedent I can recall is that of the refectory of the old Archbishop's manor at Mayfield, Sussex. By this means Mr. Baker proposes to concentrate the thrusts of the roof on the buttresses themselves, and on the quasi-buttresses formed by the oriel-bay on the east side and by the external chimney on the west of the hall. But, unless one were told expressly of this unusual treatment of the interior, one might well be forgiven for taking exception to the apparently capricious use of buttresses on the outside of the hall. Again, if Wykeham never misappropriated structural features for ornament, neither did he misplace the parts of a building to attain symmetrical balance in external elevation. Mr. Baker, on the other hand, having decided to build a hall, must fit it, as is usual, with an oriel-bay (though Wykeham, curiously enough, elected to build his two College halls without any oriel). But to place this projection in the normal position, toward one end of the side wall, would not preserve that uncompromising regularity of outline on which Mr. Baker seems to insist. So he places his oriel-bay in the middle! But why has he chosen to give the hall a hip-roof? The latter is suitable enough in the homely instance of a cottage or a barn, but beneath the dignity of a hall, which is essentially a ceremonial or state apartment. One can only suppose that in this regard Mr. Baker is copying the roof of the late seventeenth century building known as "school."

Thus much for what may be called the constructive side of Mr. Baker's scheme. Now as to what it involves. To begin with, unless it be modified, it necessitates the demolition of eight dwelling-houses (8), ranging northward on the east side of Kingsgate Street from Commoner Gate (13), along a frontage of some hundred yards. These houses appear to be of eighteenth century date, and externally, at any rate, present no features worthy of note. But they produce rents, of which the College now reaps the advantage—an income for lack of which (on the analogy of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs) the College must henceforward be impoverished for all time.

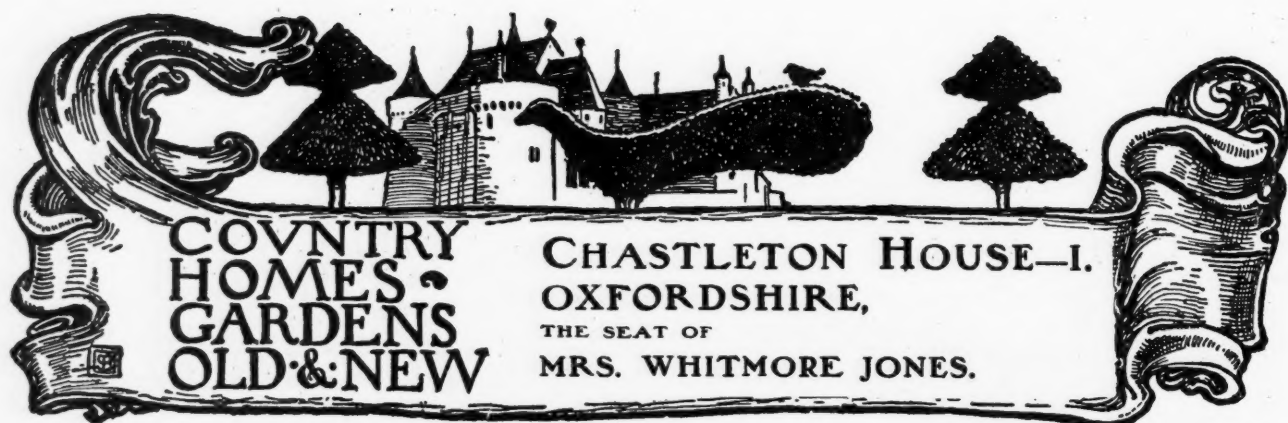
The accompanying block plan, though only a rough one, will help to convey a clearer realisation of the sweeping changes and demolitions proposed than a detailed verbal description. With the exception of Commoner Gate (13) every structure marked in the plan to east of Kingsgate Street (14) is destined to go. Exclusive of the eight houses (8) and possibly No. 12, every item removed will have to be re-erected somewhere else; for all of them have become necessary to the regular routine life of the school. The storage alone of such a huge mass of material presents a serious problem for which no mode of operations whatever seems to have been suggested. To spread out the numerous portions pending re-erection must occupy an enormous area; and they must be laid separately on the ground, for the heavy pieces, such as moulded and sculptured stonework, cannot be piled in heaps on the top of one another for fear of chipping. Moreover, while so lying, they must be covered as a protection from the weather. How long they must remain prone before they can be rebuilt ready for use, and how the school is to manage in the interval, deprived of its latrines, for example, does not seem to have been considered. Anyhow, Mr. Baker's report throws no light on the question. Nay, so far from having made provision for these contingencies, he has scarcely yet decided upon the ultimate site to which a single one of the buildings to be taken down is going to be transferred, save only the Cecil Range and the Quingentenary block. For these reasons alone the scheme is a reckless one. It is also extravagant; for no undue estimate reckons that, as a first charge on the memorial funds, at least £35,000 will have to be sunk on taking

down and erecting buildings already in existence before a shilling can be expended on any appreciably fresh work. Of the buildings to be transplanted, the oldest, the classrooms (1), were erected no longer ago than 1860, while the latest, the Cecil Range (7), was erected during the recent war, and is itself a memorial presented to his school-fellows by the mother of an Old Wykehamist who fell in September, 1914. The building (9) in commemoration of the five hundredth anniversary of the founding of Winchester College, 1892, was erected at a cost of about £10,000. This building is to be re-erected at the extreme north end of the new group, with its present east façade to front southward.

Personally I am no admirer of Mr. Basil Champneys' florid composition, though I should hardly care to stigmatise it, as one Old Wykehamist did at the Lincoln's Inn Hall meeting on December 2nd last, as "a disgrace to the College." But there is this to be said about it: At the time of its erection the Quingentenary block was no doubt considered as handsome an edifice as money could buy, and those who promoted it imagined that they were adorning the school they loved and doing honour to the founder they revered. That was only in 1896. Barely a quarter of a century has elapsed since then, and the admired building of that day has become an object of open contempt. What a startling commentary on the non-finality of human judgment and up-to-date taste! What an object-lesson of the unwisdom of meddling with the works of the past!

I said that the buildings doomed to transportation only date from 1860. But I was wrong. There is one most important item, viz., the ancient wall (5), which stands on the west side of Meads. Mr. Baker regrets the necessity for its removal, but contends that so little of the old wall is actually intact that it does not matter. Has he never heard of the Sybilline books? Surely, the more that has perished the more precious is that little which yet survives. But, in addition to the offence of removing landmarks, is another to which Mr. Baker's report makes no allusion. The taking down of the old boundary wall will obliterate one of the most cherished associations of the college. The wall itself is composed of miscellaneous materials, principally flint and ashlar; and in the latter (in about that portion of the surface indicated on the block-plan by the many-barbed reference number 5, are numbers of "temples," miniature niches cut by the patient labour of generations of Winchester boys for their annual "illumination." This event takes place on the last evening of the summer term, when, in celebration of the occasion, the ancient walls are all a-twinkle with lighted candles. I believe I am right in saying that no parallel custom exists in any other school or college in the kingdom. At Winchester, even though its origin may date no further back than the eighteenth century, it has become an integral part of the traditions of the place. To take down the wall, even though it be set up again with its time-hallowed little shrines all complete, is to do violence to the continuity of a unique historic usage.

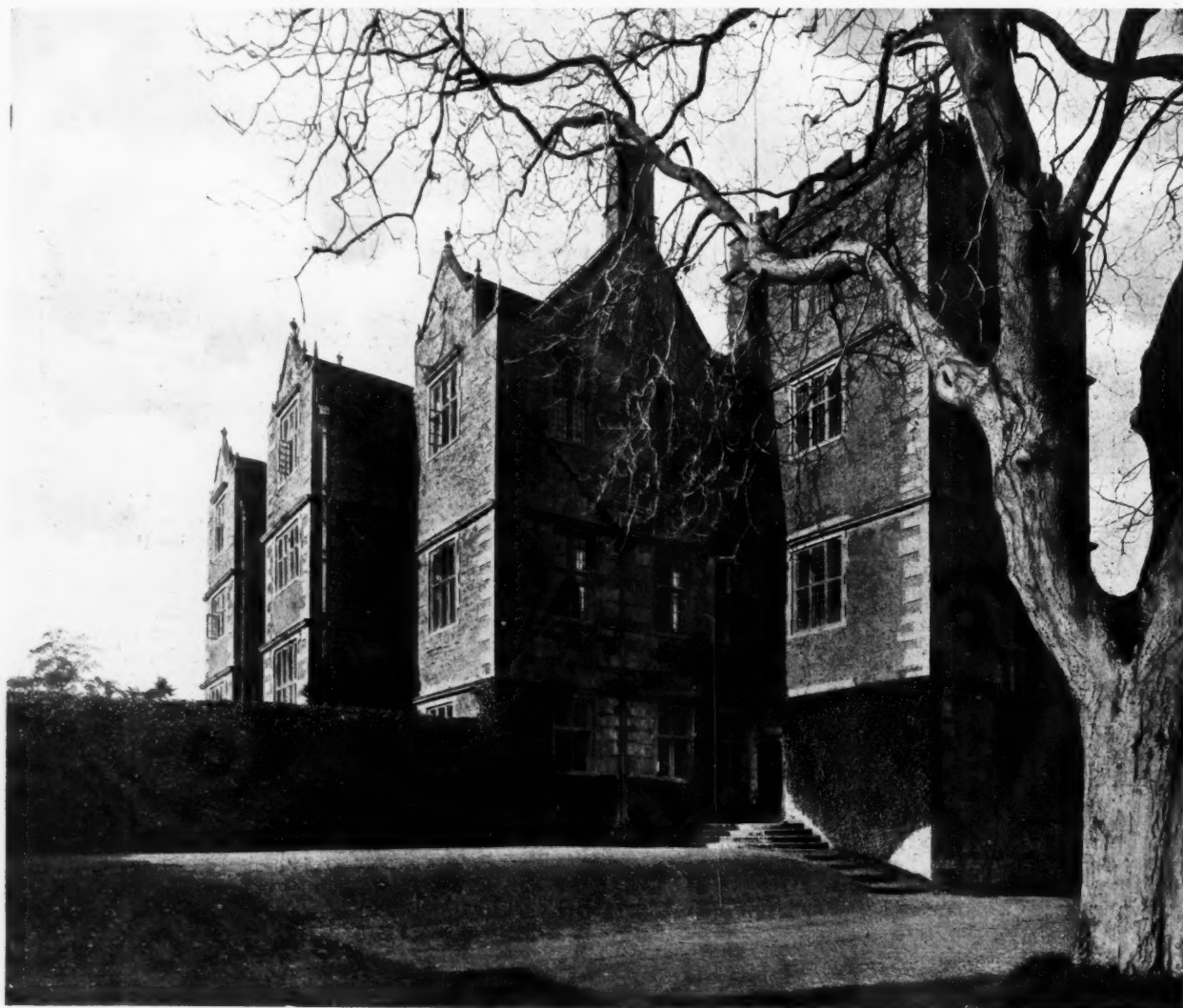
One other point, and one only, yet remains to mention. A building, known *par excellence* as "School," and traditionally said to have been erected, if not by the celebrated Sir Christopher Wren himself, at any rate by one of his disciples, stands with its principal façade fronting northward toward Wykeham's dining-hall, and its east end not far from the west wall of the mediæval cloister. The position is not a happy one, as no doubt must have occurred to many; but no one hitherto has conceived so audacious a project as Mr. Baker, viz., that of moving "School" bodily, by the up-to-date American process, to a new site between his Hall and Meads. Mr. Baker assures me that he does not expect to carry out the operation in his own lifetime; but does he really imagine that his proposal can be carried through without injury to the very remarkable frieze of palms and heraldic blazons, which is the most striking feature of the interior? The idea is preposterous. To transfer all this elaborate ornament, with its hundreds of leaf-points and other details in high relief, is to destroy it as effectually as though a bomb were exploded in its midst. No one who has the slightest regard for this decoration could entertain the notion of transporting it. Once let the process be started, and the frieze is irretrievably ruined. Rightly observed one of the speakers at Lincoln's Inn on December 2nd, 1918, that, if the proposed drastic scheme of rebuilding and new building is carried out, the result must be to alter radically, in the eye of every Wykehamist, the familiar aspect of the college that he has grown up to know and to love. Nevertheless, a large majority of those who voted at the Lincoln's Inn meeting pronounced in favour of adopting Mr. Baker's plans in their entirety. The eleventh hour is now well nigh past; but is it yet too late to revise so grave and so fatal a decision? I very much fear it may be so; but we shall see.



"THE GREAT HOUSE," to give it its distinguishing local title, at Chastleton is one of those rare things that once seen can never be forgotten. For completeness of preservation in the style in which it was originally built, for the retention of its ancient furniture, fittings, pictures, pewter, glass, and tapestries, and last, but not least, for its still remaining in the possession of the family who erected and lived in it, Chastleton House stands out as a wonderful survival among stately English homes.

Chastleton stands some 600ft. above the sea against a wooded ridge which rises to about 800ft. northward, not far from the famous Cotswold Hills. It is a commanding position, and there is a camp, occupied and improved by the Romans, but probably of pre-historic formation, on the hill behind. Two miles to the north-west is a stone pier, known as the Four Shires Stone, which marks the point where Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire and Worcestershire meet, Chastleton itself standing in Oxfordshire. The district is

one abounding in Roman remains and intersected by several important Roman roads. The great Roman station of Cirencester is at no great distance in Gloucestershire, and in the near neighbourhood several well known villas have come to light. The Earls of Mercia owned all the country hereabouts in Saxon times; and at the Norman Conquest the Manor of Hook Norton, which extended to Cestreton—the ancient name for Chastleton—was granted by William to Wigod the Saxon as his reward for the delivery to the Conqueror of Wallingford. This Wigod's daughter carried the lands of Chastleton, with the rude manor house of that far-off era, to the Norman, Robert d'Oyley; so that in Domesday we have the record under "Cestitone": "In the time of King Edward, Edwina Earl of Mercia held it. [In 1086] Robert de Oilye holds it, and under him Ilbert holds one hide and one virgate. Ralph holds one-third of a hide, in fee of the Bishop, which Robert de Oilye has. The land is for two ploughs. Now in the demesne is one plough, with one bond man





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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and two bordars, and ten acres of pasture-land. It was and is worth 20 shillings." This would seem to show that the population of those days was very small; but it must have increased quickly, as by about 1170 it was found necessary to add a south aisle to the tiny church, where the acutely pointed arches on scalloped capitals yet remain. It may be assumed that this church was originally built by Bardolf de Cestreton, whose name appears in early deeds as holding Chastleton of d'Oyley, and there seems to be some likelihood that the church was built upon a pre-Christian burying-place. With Bardolf's name we find those of Roger, his son, Henry de Freton, William de Barton, William Fulco, Adam de Gangrene, Henry le Kinth, William Herde, Richard Hayne, John Phillips and Ralph the miller.

Roger de Cestreton succeeded his father, and was in turn succeeded by his son Bardolf, and both seem to have set their hand to enlarging the church. In an inquisition held in the Hundred of Bloxham, Oxfordshire, in 1276, one Robert de

carried off by force Joan, the wife of Sir Roger Charlton of Apley, Shropshire, and the lady, after living with her abductor fourteen years, returned at his death to her husband.

As if in punishment, the Trillows became extinct in the male line, and the estate for three generations passed in the female line. Sir John's daughter Elizabeth married first William de Wilcote, by whom she had one daughter, Philippa, who in due course married Sir John Bishopsden. She probably lived with him at Broughton during part of her life, as there is a brass to her memory, dated 1414, in the church of that place. She also had but one child, a daughter, who bore her mother's name Philippa, and was married to Sir William Catesby. Their son, a prominent courtier in Richard III's reign, is commemorated in the well known lines—

The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our dog
Rule all England under a hog.

Catesby was the "Cat," Ratcliffe the "Rat" in this early lampoon.



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Cestreton was found by the jury to be guilty, with others, of having "sold wool to merchants beyond the sea, but they knew not how many sacks." The exporting of wool was forbidden, but evidently much traffic in contraband goods was carried on. Some fifty or sixty years later the house and estate were in the hands of the Trillow family, though how they acquired them is uncertain, whether by marriage, purchase or forfeiture. Sir John Trillow built the south aisle of the church—or, rather, rebuilt it on a wider plan—in 1333, and the eastern window with its delicate tracery is therefore a valuable dated example. His son, another Sir John,

Catesby's estates were forfeited to the Crown by Henry VII after King Richard's defeat at Bosworth Field, but were restored to his son George, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Empson. Richard Catesby was the next to succeed, and he married Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Spencer. Like most of the Catesbys, this Richard appears to have suffered from chronic impecuniosity. They possessed many manors besides Chastleton (at this period called Cheslington), but we find that in 1530 Sir Richard, being in want of money, sold the marriage of his son William, aged fourteen, to William Willington, for his daughter



"COUNTRY LIFE."

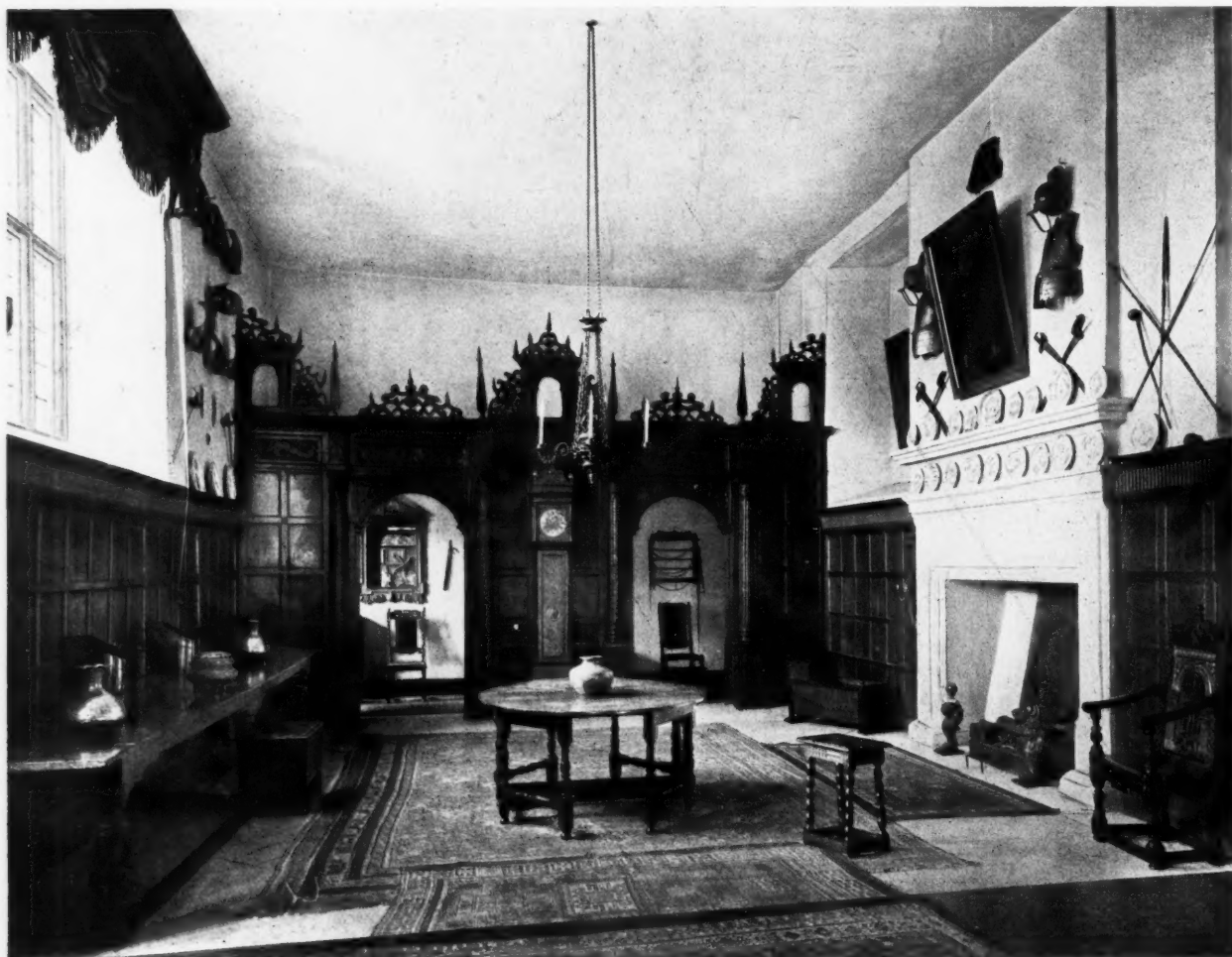
THE LONG GALLERY.

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Katherine, twelve years of age. This Willington was a rich merchant who had settled at Barcheston, near Shipston-on-Stour, and his object seems to have been to ally himself with the old-established families. He had seven daughters, and, as Dugdale writes, "he advanced them in marriage to divers good families." The marriage settlement of William Catesby and Katherine Willington is quaintly worded. It stipulates that the two fathers shall bring the bride and bridegroom to the altar "apparelled as beseemeth their station," and the banquet is to be at "the indifferent cost or charge" of both fathers. The wedding-day is named, and the proviso stated that if the bridegroom should die before the marriage, the bride is to wed his brother on the same date in the following year. The calculating father Sir Richard received for his share in the "arranging" of the marriage no less a sum than 630 marks, or about £420.

Marriages in those days very frequently took place when the contracting parties, had they been living to-day, would have been at school or in the nursery. And it must have been not on account of their extreme youth, but for some other

1602 he sold the Chastleton estate to Walter Jones for £4,000, it is said, with the intention of raising a troop in aid of Philip of Spain, but this project came to nothing through the death of Queen Elizabeth in the following year; and after two more years of plotting the infamous project of blowing up the Houses of Parliament, with King James, the Lords and Commons therein, was evolved from the sinister brain of Catesby, aided by his fellow-conspirators, and part of the purchase money of Chastleton was devoted to buying the gunpowder. Robert Catesby had two sons, one of whom, William, is buried at Chastleton. In extenuation of Robert's monstrous crime it may be urged that, like so many adherents of the old Faith, he had suffered severely under King James's penal laws, which proscribed the profession of the Roman Catholic religion and persecuted to the death the Seminarists who bravely strove to minister to their co-religionists. These facts are now viewed in a juster perspective, and it is seen that Catesby and his like were driven to their wicked actions by a cold-blooded tyranny scarcely less monstrous because clothed in the semblance of law.



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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

cause, that the marriage in this case was postponed for four years. According to her brass at Chastleton she was first married to Richard Kempe. Perhaps William Catesby was a weakling; at any rate he died young, leaving one son, another William. His widow married Sir Anthony Throckmorton (whose beautiful old house, Coughton Court, Warwickshire, was described in *COUNTRY LIFE* of March 30th, 1918) and by him had a numerous family. In the *Ferrets'* visitation of 1574, Anthony, son of Sir George Throckmorton of Coughton, is given as of "Castleton in Oxfordshire." There is a fine brass to this lady's memory in Chastleton Church, but, oddly enough, it bears no mention of the Catesby connection, although her eldest son was then in possession of the estate. William Catesby married a cousin of his step-brothers and sisters, Anne, daughter of Sir R. Throckmorton of Coughton, making another connection with that famous house. This William and Anne Catesby were the parents of Robert Catesby, the originator and prime mover in the Gunpowder Plot of 1605. He had married Catherine, daughter of Sir John Leigh, of Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, and in

Walter Jones, the rebuilder of Chastleton after his purchase of the estate from Catesby in 1602, was a wealthy woollen merchant of Witney, Oxon. He was typical of the new order that was springing up to displace the old; but it is characteristic of him and his like that he claimed a pedigree (the original is still in the possession of Mrs. Whitmore Jones) back to Brutus, the first King of Britain, and, through that somewhat mythical monarch, with Priam, King of Troy. What is really certain is that his family tree shows inter-marriage with the Tudor, Herbert, and other noble families, and that Walter sprang immediately from a good stock, his grandfather being a younger son of Jones of Grismont, in Glamorganshire. He married Eleanor Pope, maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth. Her father was the Queen's jeweller, and her uncle, Sir Thomas Pope, Kt., of Wroxton, Oxon, had founded Trinity College, Oxford, bestowing on it the site and lands of Wroxton Abbey, granted to him by Henry VIII.

Walter Jones evidently feared that his purchase of Chastleton would draw upon him something of the execration

that fell on the chief perpetrator of the Gunpowder Plot, for among the title deeds are two pardons granted to him and his son Henry, absolving them from offences ranging from high treason to petty larceny.

We may now conveniently return to the house and to Walter Jones' rebuilding, which began in 1603 and was probably completed in 1614. Tradition says that he drew the plans and was his own architect, which seems likely enough. Some have supposed that there are relics of the older house of the Trillows in the tall pillars of the vault that supports the eastern tower; but inspection did not prove convincing. The treatment of the elevations is simple and dignified, free from the meretricious ornament of which the Elizabethans were inordinately fond, and the plan is quite a masterpiece for compactness, with just that spice of mystery about it which constitutes the peculiar charm of most ancient buildings. In this case it is to be found in the hollow square of the plan, measuring about 72ft. by 72ft., a central "well" or courtyard of comparatively small dimensions (28ft. by 26ft.) being enclosed or built round on all four sides by the suites of rooms; and two attached square embattled towers of exactly similar design being placed one on the south-west flank, the other on the north-east, the main or entrance front. These towers both contain staircases, disposed round an open well or shaft, with massive balustrades, newels and handrail. The original staircase is in the west tower; the other one was put in about 1830 by the grandfather of the present owner. There are also excrescences from the square of the plan in the shape of a pair of rectangular bays, three storeys high, enclosing the steps to the principal entrance on the south-east front; and on the north-west side is a single bay of the same character. There are four storeys above the basement, which extends in the shape of vaulted cellars under the entire house; and there is a continuous roof of gabled form to front and back, broken up by picturesque stone gables. Both for planning and picturesque sky-line the roof treatment is masterly. The long ridge is there, but the eaves are masked by a stone parapet, and this rises to the gables and dormers of the four fronts; some of the gables are also stepped and have ball terminals. The towers are carried up slightly above the roof ridge, and string-courses mark off the storeys. The window treatment is as sedate as the rest, the openings square-headed, the number of lights being varied—two, three and four in the different elevations, mostly transomed, all the work being simply moulded. The hard, yellow-grey stonework, from Windrush, is in excellent preservation, the arrises as sharp as if cut a year or two ago. The string-courses are of a purely classical section, and the quoins project about an inch from the face of the coursed walling, with long and short stones that remind one oddly of the well known Saxon manner of building. This projection perhaps signifies that the original intention was to coat the rubble with yellow stucco;



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THE DOCTOR'S CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



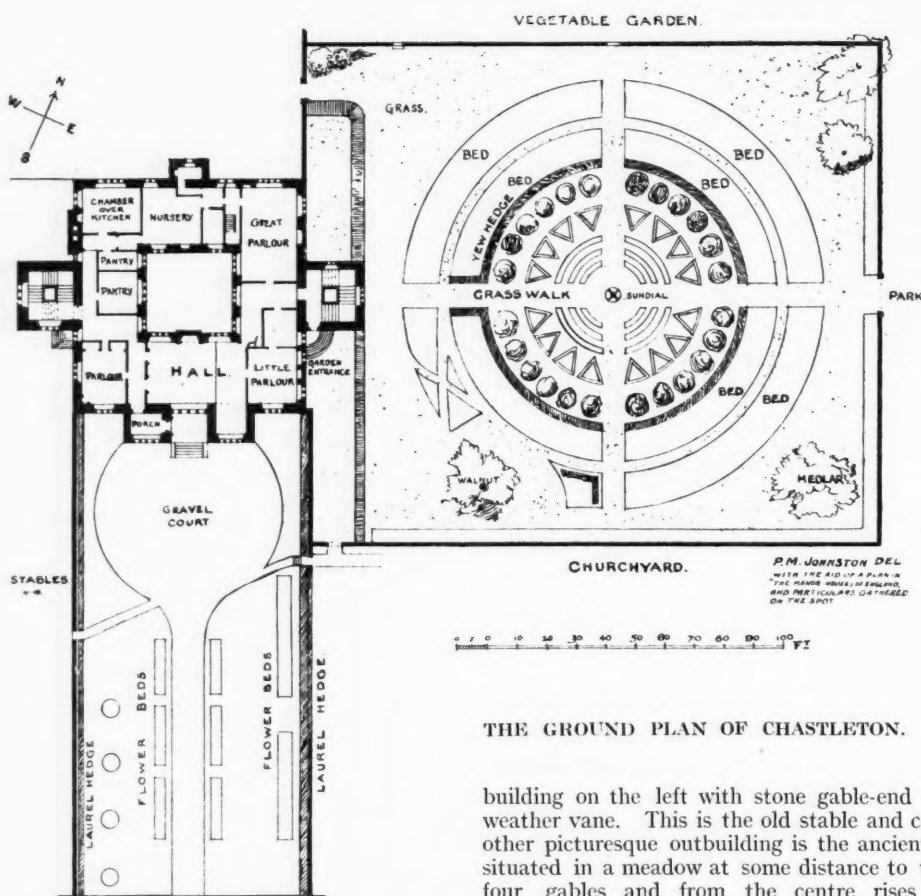
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IN THE MIDDLE CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

none, however, remains, and it is possible that it was never applied. The gables are grey and lichen-covered, but over the lower part of the fronts the stone has what may be termed an orange blush, which adds greatly to its beauty.

The most ambitious external feature is the principal entrance doorway, and even that, like Mr. Chevy Slyme, is "round the corner"—i.e., it is in the side of the left-hand bay of the south-east front, approached by a shallow flight of steps, bounded by a wide stone coping and low piers with balls. The doorway has fluted Doric pilasters and a moulded frieze, crowned by arabesque ornament between two obelisks. In the



THE GROUND PLAN OF CHASTLETON.

building on the left with stone gable-end terminating in a weather vane. This is the old stable and coach-house. Another picturesque outbuilding is the ancient stone dovecote, situated in a meadow at some distance to the east. It has four gables and from the centre rises a quaint lead-covered cupola. There is a well designed entrance gateway beneath a pediment, giving access to the drive that leads to the south-east front. The design of this gateway closely resembles that of the Charles I gateway at Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight. PHILIP MAINWARING JOHNSTON.



DISCHARGED OFFICERS & THE LAND

IN our "Correspondence" columns this week are published several letters commenting upon the article in the issue of January 11th upon "Discharged Officers and the Land." A correspondent who writes privately asks a few questions which we have endeavoured to answer, and as this may be helpful to others, the reply is reproduced below. But the substance of the communication, to which it is a reply, ought first to be known to our readers. The writer says that his life during the last four years has destroyed any inclination he might otherwise have had to return to the city from which he came in 1914, and, further, he has got completely out of touch with his old business. Being married, he does not care to leave the country, and has turned his attention to land settlement at home, and asks if it holds out any prospect to a Public School man still in his twenties. It will be seen that his case is typical of thousands. His idea was to earn a living by a combination of pigs, fruit and fowls. He knows that to undertake any such project without sufficient knowledge and training would be to court disaster, and he would like to know whether such training can be procured and if it is necessary to spend a long period at it before beginning operations. Also, he asks if a capital of between £2,000 and £3,000 would be enough for a moderate beginning, or would less suffice. The answer was as follows:

"A combination of pigs, fruit and fowls would be a very promising one. You will see in the "Country Notes" of this week's issue (January 18) that I have epitomised the experience of Mr. Colt, who is actually doing something in the way you propose; but he has the advantage of having grown fruit for pleasure before.

You will see that Mr. Colt reckons that at present prices, a man would require £100 an acre as working capital. I have been making enquiries of a number of people who are practically engaged in the same sort of thing, and hope to publish the results when collected. Those sent range in estimate from £25 to £100, and I am inclined to think that to have £100 per acre would be safe.

For this intensive cultivation you would find that ten acres of land would be amply sufficient for a start. That would mean £1,000 of capital. Again, speaking from practical experience, part of which is my own, I think the best way of planting is to make an orchard—six acres would be enough—of apples, pears, and plums of the very best sorts. By "best" I mean in each case the finest dessert varieties. In war or peace they always command a good price, and the expense of cultivation is no greater for a Cox's Orange Pippin than for a Worcester Pearmain. These trees, even if you alternate bush with standards, would not pay you for your trouble until after five years, but you could interplant them with bush fruit, of which the safest is black currants. One who grows fruit on a large scale gave me an opportunity of looking over his books some time ago, and even before the war he was getting from £50 to £60 a ton for these black currants, and the average yield, taking the bad years with the good, came to nearly three tons an acre. But raspberries and strawberries, where the soil is suitable, will also give good returns. Gooseberries are not so satisfactory. But if you go the right way about it you should be able to pay the expenses connected with your small fruit the first year after planting, and obtain a very fair profit the second year. One advantage of keeping livestock with them is that of obtaining manure, which is very difficult to buy now that mechanical transport has so greatly superseded animal transport. You would have two acres to grow corn and vegetables.

Now as to training. I think if you have not paid any attention to the cultivation of the soil before, you would come a cropper if you started right off without some preliminary training. On the other hand, I think the Government proposal to give you three years' instruction free and advance a weekly sum for your support during that time is not very attractive. The time is too long, and the instruction at college might very possibly not prove as practical as you expected. A better course in my opinion would be to go for a year, *i.e.*, ten months, because two months of the year as far as this is concerned are dead, to a really successful man, and give your closest attention to his methods. Many business men of my acquaintance without any previous training have started off on a farm and made a success of it. A conspicuous example is Mr. Edge, who knew nothing of pigs, for instance, till he started at Gallops Homestead to breed and fatten them on a plan of his own. You will find a letter from him in next week's issue dealing with the question from a business man's point of view, and I am sure he would give you any help or advice in his power. I could also put you into

communication with a man who does poultry in a really first class, up-to-date style, with splendid results. But the first thing is to take a year for training.

For another reason, there is luck in leisure. You will find in the end that the very best land is the most profitable, and you ought to spare no pains in seeking out the soil that is expressly suitable for your purpose. It should be rich and yet light, easily worked and practically approachable in all sorts of weather. If you get a clear idea into your head of the land that would suit your purpose, you would find that it would, unless you are very lucky, take weeks, and perhaps months, before you found it. Then land is not transferable like a pound of tobacco. It takes time to get the old occupier out and the new one in. But all this could go on while you were acquiring the necessary knowledge.

These are only a few rough notes, but they may help to put you on the right lines, and if I can do anything more I shall be very glad if you will write at any time. You ask about books, but really the book you will find of service is a good reference book, to which you can go when puzzled, and there are several of them. I do not believe a bit in anyone's ability to read up a business that depends chiefly on common sense and promptitude of action."

A few words must be said about the other letters. The case of "B. P. B." is representative of a great many officers. He says, indeed, that he and his friends are in the same boat, and the capital available for them is only what they have been able to save out of their pay, which cannot be anything very great. The majority are married and about the ages of twenty and twenty-four, and were at Public Schools prior to obtaining commissions. He wants information as to an officer's prospects of being able to get some land, say, 100 acres, and a small cottage to begin on. This would not be a small holding but a medium-sized farm. It could not be stocked and equipped at the present moment for less than £15 an acre, and might need £20. It would depend on the character of the land, so that to start farming a holding of 100 acres a man would need from £1,500 to £2,000 to be moderately secure. It would surely be better to take a much smaller holding. If under fifty acres it would be classified as a small holding, and in certain circumstances the Government would advance the necessary capital with which to start. This correspondent does not say anything about his previous experience, but from the tone of his letter we are inclined to think that he is familiar with the routine of farming and could start if he had the necessary capital.

The letter of Mr. S. F. Edge calls for little comment beyond an expression of our hearty endorsement of what is said. A short intensive preparation ought to be enough to give anyone a start in farming. Mr. Edge is precisely one of those business men who apply to agriculture the methods learned in business, and has thereby achieved success. His advice to every officer starting to learn agriculture that he should prepare a budget of expenditure and receipts in detail of the work he intends to do is excellent, and it is quite certain that, as he says, it would show him in a most striking fashion what he had to contend with from a time, money and work point of view. Again, his words are golden when he says "if the officer will read about the work he is going to do next day and then again read the same evening it is surprising how quickly he gets a grip of matters." The so-called difficulties of farming are easily surmounted by those who look ahead and prepare for the difficulty before it arises.

"O. H. A." also expresses his dislike of competitive study when he is nearing thirty, and has the mind to take his coat off and start founding a home. The intention of the Government in starting these scholarships is avowedly to prepare men for such tasks as to educate men who want such jobs as those of agricultural organisers, teachers and agricultural county instructors, managers and so on. This system is bad on the face of it, and could not possibly have any other effect than that of creating an addition to the very worst type of official. Instead of taking organisers, teachers and instructors from college, they should be selected with the greatest care from the young men who are showing themselves masters of the practical work. If agriculture is to be raised, as it should be, it will be necessary to enlist for the purpose of advising and helping onward struggling and ignorant farmers the very best teachers available, and no man in a thousand is likely to be that after only a three years' college course. We are glad that "O. H. A." has taken a very sensible course of "study at a model farm on lines which my capital is, likely to be best adapted to, namely, horticulture and orcharding."

FROM THE QUAI D'ORSAY TO VERSAILLES



WHILE the Château of Versailles is being reserved for the final act in the Peace Congress, the main deliberations are taking place at Paris, in the French Foreign Office, on the Quai d'Orsay. In that dignified structure, erected by Louis Philippe, the Peace delegates find themselves in the heart of political Paris; for next door is the residence of the President of the Chambre des Députés, and next door but one is the Chamber itself.

Already the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères has been the scene of the first flourishes for victory. In the handsome apartments on the first floor were recently entertained the royal harbingers of peace—King George V of England and the Prince of Wales, the King and Queen of the Belgians and the King of Italy. In their honour M. Dumontier, conservateur of the Garde Meuble, brought from 103, Quai d'Orsay some of his choicest treasures, and among them that famous series of Gobelins tapestry, the Muses of Louis XIV.

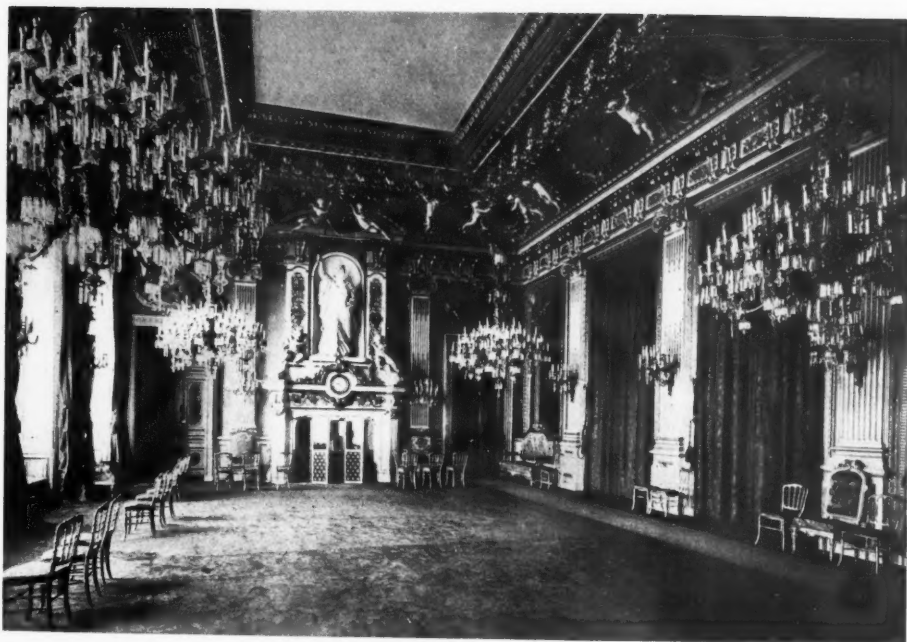


THE FRENCH FOREIGN OFFICE: CABINET DU MINISTRE.
The room in which the preliminary conferences took place.

Now that the pageantry of peace is for a while at an end, the real work of peace-making commences. The whole of the main building of the Foreign Office is given up to it. On the first storey the priceless gems of French art have given place to more homely furniture—desks and tables for the secretaries of the Congress, who occupy the entire floor. In the rooms of the ground floor assemble the delegates. Passing the grand staircase they first enter the room known long before this Congress as *le Salon du Congrès*. Looking out on the river front between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont de Solferino, it is a stately apartment in the style of Louis XVI. Its upholstery and hangings of crimson silk brocade form a fine setting to the handsome Gobelins tapestry in the traditional hues of red and ivory which adorn the walls facing the windows.

This room leads into another, equally spacious and imposing—the *Salon des Ambassadeurs*. Here the tapestries—also of Gobelins manufacture—are of special interest. The well known signature of Mommerqué, the famous director of the Gobelins establishment from 1730–1749, appears very legibly in the corner of each of them. And it is curious to find this eighteenth century artist in the manner of his own period executing typical sixteenth century Flemish designs. In one case an elaborate feast is closing. The guests are leaving the table in procession to the accompaniment of the flute, played by a figure who might have come out of one of Shakespeare's comedies—he might well be young Gobbo. The president of the festival, wearing a mushroom-like hat, remains seated. At his side, with his head resting on the table, overcome by too plentiful libations, is a figure symbolically crowned with vine leaves. The other piece is a fireside scene—a vast open hearth, near it the mistress of the house, elaborately coiffed, seated at the table, playing backgammon with a handsomely dressed gallant. On the other side of the fireplace, beneath a birdcage, sits the white-bearded grand-sire. In the left-hand corner a coquettish young lady plays cards with a trio of masculine adorers. Two children, a servant bearing logs, and the domestic cat complete the picture.

Through folding doors our delegates pass into *le Salon de l'Horloge*. Here the plenary sittings of the Congress are being held. Over



SALON DE L'HORLOGE, IN WHICH THE PEACE CONFERENCE IS BEING HELD.



IN KING GEORGE'S BED ROOM.

the mantelpiece a tall figure, which to-day might represent the Republic, bears a torch. At her feet are cherubs clasping globes. The group is signed, Pollet, 1860. From the long corridor, separated from this room by heavy curtains of red damask, journalists follow the principal deliberations of the Congress.

The preliminary conferences were held in the Cabinet du Ministre, which is approached from the gallery through a room known as the Rotunda. Here are some rare specimens of Beauvais tapestry produced in the reign of Louis XIV. Their neutral tints of blue and rose and ivory, their delicate conventional figures, recalling the carvings on some fine Renaissance pillar or chimneypiece, contrast delightfully with the bold flamboyant designs and bright colours of the Gobelins in the next room.

For it is in the Cabinet du Ministre that are hung those famous Marie de Médicis Gobelins executed after the pictures by Rubens in the Louvre. These scenes in the life of Henri Quatre's Queen are so well known that it is unnecessary to recall them here. One of the most striking is the Queen's entry into the town of Lyons, in a triumphal car drawn by a pair of the superb beasts from which the city takes its name. Above in the heavens are the King as Jupiter, with his eagle, and the Queen as Juno, with her peacocks. The pictures in the Louvre, though designed by Rubens, were largely painted by his pupils. They bear traces of rapid execution and are by no means the best specimens of his art. The tapestry, on the other hand, is perhaps the finest produced in the Gobelins factory during the last century. And in this luxurious apartment, giving on the shaded lawn and the fountain at the back of the building, it appears to excellent advantage. Above a handsome oak panelling, it forms a fitting background to cabinets by Boulle and commodes of the same period in marqueteries.

When the time comes for the peace-makers to repair from the house of the bourgeois King to the palace of his august predecessor, they will drive in their automobiles over the same road followed by the German conquerors in 1871. When this second and otherwise glorious progress will take place, who can foretell! It may possibly coincide with the French national festival, *le quatorze Juillet*; such a coincidence would be happy indeed. For to multitudes of minds, in France and abroad, that festival stands for the assertion of those rights of man for which this war has been fought and won.

But whenever it happens there is now no doubt that at Versailles the Treaty will be signed. The Nemesis is irresistible. At Versailles the most aggressive and arrogant of military systems first raised its head; at Versailles that system must be for ever annihilated. For that stupendous event no sitting can be more appropriate than the beautiful Salon de la Paix, beneath the ceiling of Lebrun, representing in allegorical figures Peace and Plenty, Hymen Crowned by the Graces, the countries of Europe happy and prosperous.

WINIFRED STEPHENS.

NATURE NOTES

THE STRAY HOUND.

THE psychology of the hound is an interesting study. Stag-hounds, by which I mean the big fox-hounds which are used for hunting the red deer on Exmoor, differ one from the other in temperament and various qualities, so that there is a certain amount of individualism in the members of a pack.

But, as an individual apart from the pack, the hound is a "wash-out." On Monday, Warwick or Warrior, or whatever his name may be, distinguishes himself by seizing a fighting stag by the throat and rolling down the hill with him, still holding on. On Wednesday he may be taken out tuffing, and, getting on the line of a stag, all by himself, he gets away and eventually loses



THE HUNTER HUNTED.

both the stag and himself. If he happens to be near a village he makes no attempt to return to the kennels, wanders into the village, and for a day or two becomes a stray and, what we call locally, a tripe-hound. He sneaks about, robbing larders wherever he gets a chance, and when he is kicked out he takes it lying down. When he is running with the pack he inspires respect, for there is grim determination in his dash and his music is blood-curdling in its suggestion of relentless ferocity. But as a stray he is something quite different. He cringes if you look at him, and his tail wags feeble apologies for his existence.

Instead of being a hunter he becomes a hunted one, for every dog in the village goes for him. It is a strange thing in the mentality of dogs, this resentment against the single hound. If there is a meet in the place the local dogs get excited and make a great noise, but they keep well away and abuse the strangers from a safe distance. A single hound, however, they worry fearlessly. Every dog, big or small, rushes at the slinking "foreigner" and nips his legs as he crawls away. He could eat some of the curs which attack him, but he shows no fight and only yowls, and Warwick or Hector, who is not afraid to tackle a twelve-point stag, allows himself to be nipped by a little dog that he could kill by stepping on it. It is difficult to understand the psychology either of the hound or of his persecutors. Probably the village dogs have discovered the peculiar change of character which separation from the pack produces and presume on it.

F. C. G.

THE ROOKS' RECOGNITION OF SUNDAY.

The cunning of the rook has long been a matter of surprise to those who have opportunity of observing its habits, and it is to be feared that from time to time rather tall stories are served up for public consumption. I have myself come across examples of the rook's cleverness which to the uninitiated would seem almost unbelievable.

That rooks know Sunday and recognise it as a day when shot-guns are laid away the following example goes to prove. In the village where I live, one or two of the farmers keep their poultry high up the mountain side, in some cases almost a mile from the village, and naturally the rooks have come to know the hours at which the hens are fed. Immediately the man with his bucket of corn appears at the foot of the hill several rooks are to be seen taking up their station in the field or on the wall tops behind the poultry runs. Here they remain till the hens are fed, and the man having turned his back they swoop down to pick up the remains of the food.

This state of affairs became so much of an annoyance as the rooks, finding themselves subjected to no bodily injury, became bolder, that one of the men took to keeping a shot-gun in his henhouse, hiding for the rooks after each feeding time.

From that day onwards the state of affairs became changed—except on Sundays. On week days the rooks never came near till they saw the man, unarmed, returning down the hillside, but on Sunday mornings they were to be seen seated in a row on the wall top within easy gun shot, and immediately the food was thrown down they descended upon it almost within stone's throw!

That rooks recognise Sunday, when the labourer is not to be seen in the fields and the church bells ring, as a day of peace is not surprising, these facts being sufficient so to enable them to recognise Sundays from ordinary working days. But it is rather surprising that they should have tumbled to this recognition so early in the morning that the countryside is hardly astir. There can be little doubt that the birds recognised the man's Sunday attire from afar and were thus inspired with confidence. It may be added that the yearling trout in the hatcheries know their keeper so well that in his week day garments they will almost take food from his hands, but should he visit them in the conventional black of the Sabbath, not a troutlet is to be seen. They are as scared of him as of a stranger.

SIMILAR CUNNING OF THE GROUSE.

No doubt many have noticed a similar cunning on the part of the red bird of the heathered slopes. Towards the tail end of the season I have walked the moors day after day, finding the birds so wild that an occasional long range shot with the choke at a pack of cocks was the best one could hope for. Then, two days after the closing of the season, I have walked the same moors, carrying a gun in search of vermin, to find the grouse

seated in veritable rows along the wall tops, half a dozen of them within easy range at the same moment. Keepers have told me that they have noticed the same thing year after year, and the dalesmen solemnly agree that grouse are as familiar with the dates of the shooting season as we ourselves.

H. M. B.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Vagabonding Down the Andes, by Harry A. Franck. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE word "vagabond" has become hackneyed as applied to the traveller in little known districts, but Mr. Franck is well entitled to its use in the book before us. If he had not called the volume *Vagabonding Down the Andes*, a good alternative title would have been "The Common People of South America." Most of those who go a-wandering in that region equip themselves with all sorts of protection against discomforts of every kind. In consequence they may see the country, but they gain no intimate knowledge of its inhabitants. Mr. Franck rightly chose to make his peregrinations on foot, refusing to be one of the thousands of men who roam the earth from top to bottom supplied with all the comforts that money can buy. On foot is the only way to obtain the real joy of travelling, and certainly offers the only sure entrance to an understanding of the population. This applies particularly to the masses of Latin America. No one can approach them intimately without doffing the manners and dress appropriate in the centres of civilisation. If the impression is once made that a distinguished stranger is come among them, a mask of civility is put on, behind which it is impossible to penetrate. He who dresses in plain clothes and goes on foot may in some ways have a rougher time, but he will get into contact with the real men and women whom he meets. But, whatever be the explanation, Mr. Franck is to be congratulated on having produced a readable and even fascinating book. His journey lay over countries in which an increasing interest is being felt. Practically speaking, he may be said to have started from Panama, wandered through Colombia, spending some time at Bogota, and then going on to Ecuador, of which Quito is the centre. Next he traversed the fascinating country of the Incas, from the borders of which he entered Bolivia, going right across that country till he approached Brazil. He passed through Paraguay, cut through a corner of the Argentine to Uruguay, and so to the River Plata and the now well known town of Buenos Ayres, from which as a centre he went on exploring expeditions to several points on the Pacific coast.

Fortunately for his readers, Mr. Franck very soon shows himself possessed of a nervous and sinewy style of English. On the very first page we find this short but terse descriptive passage about one of the famous towns of Colombia:

The ancient city and fortress of Cartagena—and for America it is old indeed—squats on a sandy point jutting far out into the blue Caribbean, with a beach curving inland on either hand. A sea-wall beside which that of Panama seems a plaything, of massive weather-tarnished, ocean-lashed stones, brown-gray with age, with stern, dignified old gateways, encloses the city in irregular form.

After that, as he says, "the Land of Hurry was behind us." No one journeys to Bogota hastily. Haste, indeed, seems to be concentrated on mealtimes, if we are to take the following account as a good example of the village manners and customs in the neighbourhood of Bogota:

There were a half dozen of us at table that evening, with the priest in the place of honour at the head. The meal passed without a spoken word, at racehorse speed. It recalled a placard I had seen in a Texas restaurant on my journey southward: "Eat first, THEN talk," and amid the opening chorus Hay's memory harked back to a sign that once embellished a Bowery institution: "Soup should be seen and not heard." That we paused for speech between mouthfuls seemed to fill our companions with a mixture of disgust and amazement. It was perilous, too, for ragged, barefooted waiters, more numerous than the diners, hovered over us, quick to snatch away the plate of anyone who dared raise his head. How unlike the sociable meals of Spain was this silent wolfing!

The general impression one derives from this very intimate account of the various classes of people met on the Andes has an odd resemblance to what one encounters in Ireland. It is a resemblance that must be discounted by many differences. The Indians and the half-bloods incline more to decided action than those who have their little grey homes in the West. In other words, the use of the knife and the bullet is more frequent. So, too, there is a greater miscellaneousness in the population. An Irish crowd of beggars in one part of the country is very much what it is in another, but in South American States it is more richly variegated. A gift of our author is decidedly that of picturing groups. For example, here is one at Bogota in which the characteristics are skilfully suggested rather than described:

The great underlying mass of the population has no requirements in the matter of dress. In general the *gente del pueblo*—the "men of the people"—

wear shoddy trousers of indeterminate hue, *alpargatas*—hemp soles held in place by strips of canvas—without socks, a soiled "panama" always very much out of place in this climate, and, covering all else, a *ruana*, or native-woven blanket with a hole in the centre through which to thrust the head. Their women rarely wear black, but simple gowns of some light colour, at least on Sundays, after which its whiteness decreases. They go commonly bareheaded, often barefooted, and always stockingless. Every scene from street to Cathedral shrine is enlivened by the bare legs of women and girls, often decidedly attractive in appearance—to those who have no great prejudice for the bath.

Mr. Franck's observation of details is indeed delightful. Here is another thumbnail sketch from Bogota which in its way is as good as the former:

There are curious local customs in Bogota. Her small shops, for example, have a system of signs intelligible only to the initiated. A red flag announces meat for sale; a red flag with a yellow star, meat and bones; a white flag, milk; a green one, vegetables and grains. A cabbage or a lettuce-head thrust forth on the end of a stick marks the entrance to a cheap restaurant; a tuft of faded flowers, a chicheria. The bogotano sees nothing incongruous in a building that announces itself a "Primary School" above and an "American Bar" below.

At Quito, the principal town in Ecuador, the author's attention was largely directed to the Indian. He makes the astonishing statement that, disregarding those who have only an admixture of original blood, 40 per cent. of the population are pure Indian and give the city most of its colour. They are the family servants and burden bearers, who either huddle in mud cells or are homeless wretches who at night occupy any corner they can find, and in daylight compete for food with donkeys and pack animals. They drink water a thirsty horse would not touch, even when fresh water is only a few yards away. Washing they abjure, and they speak a dialect which is partly the tongue of the Incas, partly that of the conquered Caras and the Indian-Spanish of Quito. His description of the type differs much from the popular conception, as he found the Indian stocky and short, as strong as a mule for carrying loads on his back, and indefatigable on foot, but weak for other labour. His lips are thick and heavy, the lower one hanging; a low forehead, a large mouth, prominent cheek-bones and large ears complete the description of an unprogressive race. But, above all, he insists on the dirt which begins with birth.

The youngest baby is already inconceivably dirty, yet almost always robustly healthy in appearance, though the infant mortality of the class is appalling. It is an unusual experience to hear an Indian baby cry. From its earliest years it seems to adopt that uncomplaining attitude toward life that is so marked a characteristic of the adults. Though she treats her offspring with no active unkindness—in all the years I spent in South America I have never seen an Indian mother strike a child—the aboriginal woman seems to endure it passively, like any other burden thrust upon her from which there is no escape, carrying it where it will be least troublesome, and never, at least openly, showing any carressing fondness for it. The child old enough to toddle about the streets often remains on the mother's back, as if to hold the place for the next comer. It is a common experience to hear an Indian child ask in a perfectly fluent tongue for a serving at the maternal source of supply.

In another part of the book he tells us that the chief meat of the Andean Indian is guinea-pig, and he confesses that after a prolonged fast he found it more palatable than pork, though "small, distressingly small."

If tested by Gibbon's assertion that civilisation can best be gauged by its roads, Northern Peru, according to Mr. Franck, is sunk in the depths of barbarism:

The Incas swung bridges of withes along their great military highways, the Spaniards built some of stone; the modern inhabitants of this region merely let their roads grow up of themselves, like brambles in an uncultivated field. At a mountain summit, beyond the raging mountain current in which I all but lost my possessions, immense gray curtains of fog left me only instinct and my compass by which to choose between the faint sandy paths that split and forked at every opportunity.

The book is a very large one, running to over six hundred full-size pages, a fact for which the author apologises. He made his pilgrimage while the war was in progress, and when America entered it we can well understand that the necessity of "suddenly abandoning this task for other and more important duties has made it impossible to give it final polish, to eliminate much that should have been eliminated, and to improve much of what remains."

We do not know that this was altogether a misfortune. The fulness and frankness of the account might have been restricted had the writer been given some opportunity of using the file. As it stands, it is one of those large books which the poet Tennyson used to delight to read in, and will give infinite pleasure to those who like to make the acquaintance, at first

hand preferably, but, that failing, from a voracious traveller's mouth, of humanity in its elementary stage.

A word should be said of the illustrations, which add much to the humour and liveliness of the narrative.

LITERARY NOTES

A NICE BOOK—ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

THE librarian with the slightest sense of humour cannot but be amused at the manner in which the vast majority of his customers anxiously demand "a nice book," while he is well aware this long suffering, and often despised, adjective has a totally different meaning in each individual case; nor does the mere appearance of the reader always serve as a guide to his special predilection. An elderly lady, scarcely able to walk from her Bath chair into the library, has a weakness for the most appalling stories of the blood and thunder type—a new *Le Quex* or *Headon Hall* delights her; whereas the fierce-looking and rather peppery old colonel likes something a little mystic, and is not averse to a small dose of sentiment. The young girl, on the other hand, scorns the least touch of this usually, prides herself on her "modernness," and is more often than not "bored" with each author suggested by the librarian, and wants "something really clever," and at last carries off a book which she vaguely remembers having seen "mentioned in the papers," feeling she has proved herself a real judge of literature. There is a real interest in the way people's true character does reveal itself in their approval, or otherwise, of different books. Those unfortunate souls who bring back a volume, such as A. A. Milne's "Once Upon a Time," whose delightful

whimsicality makes it a sheer joy to anyone with the least imagination, saying reproachfully: "I am sure you didn't know, but this book is meant for children, it's all nonsense"—how sorry one feels for them, and how refreshing it is when a very quiet-looking little lady confides to you how intensely she has enjoyed the book you advised her to read, because "the people were so real," the book in question, one of F. Swinnerton's novels, being distinctly primitive and dramatic, and it is with a thrill of pleasure you realise your judgment was right; the middle-aged, staid, not to say dowdy, exterior, concealed a spirit as young and vigorous as that of the immortal "Peter Pan." Most librarians, I suppose, have experienced misgivings when, on friends meeting in the library, one begs recommendations from the other, their tastes being absolutely dissimilar, one preferring ultra-modern fiction of the very outspoken type, the other being horrified at encountering a single "Damn" in her novel—which she immediately returns on account of its "being full of bad language"—and the former pours forth a host of suggestions, which she rashly informs her friend are really "ever so interesting"; it is lucky, indeed, when they all happen to be "out" at the moment, which, if the librarian has discretion, he will probably regret is the case, and feel he has saved a friendship from possible shipwreck. People often ask a librarian if he does not get "sick of books," being constantly surrounded with them. You might with as much reason ask a garden-lover if he did not get sick of flowers, having so many in his garden. A real book-lover never tires of books, and it is sheer idiocy for anyone disliking them to take up librarian's work; he could not, with the best will in the world, ever make a successful one. Sick of people it is inevitable a librarian must be at times—who does not tire of his kind occasionally?—but of books never; they are his faithful friends, modern and old-fashioned, soothing and thrilling, realistic and daintily idealistic, but, to him, never merely "nice." A PROVINCIAL LIBRARIAN.

THE ESTATE MARKET

RADIUM IN DEVON.

THERE is only one of our great literary men who could easily and naturally have framed the phrase about a brewer possessing the "potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." What he would have said concerning a lode of radium ore can only be conjectured. Dr. Johnson, however, need not have done more than turn to his own preface to *Shakespeare*, wherein he speaks of "precious rarities . . . in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals" for a fairly apt description of a really rich deposit of uraniferous minerals. Among the chief of these is pitchblende, and the fact that a quantity of this substance has been found in South Devon is worth more than a passing reference. Hitherto the richest of this material in radio-activity has come from Joachimsthal in Bohemia, but there is reason to believe that a lode which has been discovered on the Kingswood estate at Buckfastleigh, near Totnes, far exceeds in richness anything hitherto found on the Continent. Samples of the Kingswood pitchblende have been analysed by Dr. Henry Terry, of University College, Gower Street, and he reports that it contains over 26 per cent. of oxides of uranium. What this means may be inferred from the fact that no more than 2 per cent. of the oxides suffices to make it worth while to import ores into this country for treatment. Radium bromide is valued at something like £300 per grain, and inasmuch as 200 tons of pitchblende have been known to yield 300 grains, a very easy calculation will show that in likely localities a careful search for pitchblende is well worth making. The Kingswood estate originally belonged to Lord Maclefield's family.

In view of the possibility of the Eden Hall Estate coming into the market, the Cumberland and Westmorland County Councils are being invited to consider the advisability of acquiring a portion of it for the formation of a forestry school and land settlement for discharged soldiers. About five or six years ago Sir Richard Musgrave sold the Lazonby and Kirkoswald portions of his property to the late Sir Francis Ley of Epperstone Manor, Notts. The portion which he still retains includes Eden Hall, and practically the entire parish of Edenhall. The village, on the western bank of the Eden, has a beautiful old church, in which are many marble monuments to the Musgraves, who have held the manor since the reign of Henry VI. One of the family, Sir Christopher, presented a massive silver-gilt chalice to the church. Eight centuries of notable association with Cumberland and Westmorland will be closed if Eden Hall is sold. As early as the reign of Stephen the ancestors of the present owner of Eden Hall were resident at Musgrave. Thence they moved to Harcla Castle, near Kirkby Stephen, and, in the early part of the fifteenth century, became possessed of Eden Hall by the marriage of one Thomas Musgrave with Sir William Stapleton's daughter. Naturally the idea that the estate may be disposed of has recalled the fact of the existence of the "Luck of Eden Hall," a curious Venetian glass goblet of about the tenth century. It is difficult to say how the legend arose, or who can have credited it, but the goblet was for a long while believed to have been taken from fairies who were dancing around St. Cuthbert's well on the estate. The queen of the fairies, apparently, did not resent being deprived of the goblet, for she gave its captors every inducement to hold and safeguard it, in her warning:

"If e'er this cup should break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

The market for real estate has hardly opened yet this year, the total of the transactions officially recorded up to this week being only about £50,000. Last week's sales in the City amounted to no more than £3,000, of which all but a few pounds was in respect of one transaction, the auction by Messrs. Trollope of a freehold residence in Romney Street, Westminster. There has been a great appreciation of residential values in this district in the last ten years or so, and, were he living now, Churchill, the satirist, who was born

in the thoroughfare in 1731, would have cause to be still more emphatic than he was when he wrote:—

Famed Vine Street,
Where Heaven, the kindest wish of man to grant,
Gave me an old house and a kinder aunt.

Romney Street was formerly known as Vine Street, on account of its vineyard, and "Brayley's History" records payment, in the first year of Edward VI, "To Rich. Wolward, keeper of the King's House at Westminster, to repair ye King's vineyard there." Abundant evidence is contained in contemporary records that, like most of the places selected for Abbots, Westminster was a fertile and delightful district. Great changes have come over many of the small streets adjacent to the Abbey of late years, and houses have been converted from use by the poorer classes to superior residences, which, if small, are "full of character" and command high rentals, but they are mostly leased and seldom now come into the market.

"The staff are only returning gradually from the war, and it will be some time before work can be carried out with the expedition one would like," say Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in a prefatory note to an interesting 24-page quarto, which they have just issued, giving a *résumé* of their principal transactions in 1918 and short details of many of their impending auctions and other sales. Firms everywhere and in nearly every line of business will endorse the statement as to the difficulties with which they still have to cope, owing to many of the best men being retained on naval and military service. The quest for "pivotal" and "slip" men may be hastened now that the Peace Conference has at last begun its deliberations. Giving the fullest credit to the young women who have so ably undertaken all kinds of work while the young men have been fighting, it is impossible to deny that a great deal of the business of preparing for sales of real estate is of a nature that can only be properly done by men—moreover, active and fully trained men, and the sooner these are allowed to resume their normal duties the sooner we may expect a real revival of business. Most of the properties which are included in the firm's list of sales fixed for the immediate future have been referred to in these columns, and one of them may be again mentioned specially, as it takes place next Wednesday, January 29th—that of the remaining outlying portions of the western part of the Duke of Westminster's Eaton estate. It will be held at Chester, and there are about 300 acres of dairy land, small holdings and so forth, as well as 40 model cottages.

An idea of the magnitude of the estate market work which goes on with hardly more than a hint to the public may be formed from the reports, such as from time to time appear in these columns, of the sales effected in given periods by single firms. For example, last year Messrs. Boulton, Son and Maples of Liverpool sold either by auction or private treaty residential estates, agricultural land and other properties, amounting to approximately one million pounds sterling. The firm reports a considerable appreciation of agricultural and residential estates throughout 1918, and any of our readers who may happen to own land in the locality will not fail to note the firm's statement, supported by evidence in other directions, that the demand for works and sites with railway facilities in or around Liverpool greatly exceeds the supply.

While on the question of properties other than those of a residential or agricultural character, it may be useful to point out that for the time being the market for licensed premises is exceptionally good. How long it will remain so need not here be considered, but the time seems a favourable one for realising such interests, and before there is, as there may be, a glut of premises in the sale room. There is all the more reason to get into the market early when the opportunities for profitable re-investment are taken into account, and they will be more than ever plentiful with the approaching reconstruction and revivifying of industrial undertakings. Messrs. Weatherall and Green are about to offer a number of licensed houses for sale. ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

DISCHARGED OFFICERS AND THE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very interested in the article which appeared in the issue of January 11th, headed "Discharged Officers and the Land," as I am one of many who desire to take up farming as soon as release from the Army is obtained. I have talked things over with a few of my brother officers who also want to take up farming and find that we are all in the "same boat" as regards capital, as all we can boast of are the amounts we have been able to save out of our pay. Most of us are married and between the ages of twenty and twenty-four, and were at Public Schools prior to getting our commissions. We are making the most of our spare time while we are with the Army of Occupation in Germany, by taking certain farm courses by correspondence, with a view to starting on our own on small farms when Peace is signed. We seek information as to an officer's prospects of being able to get some land (say 100 acres and a small cottage) to begin on. As far as we can see at present, unless some assistance is given, none of us will be able to start on our own and push ahead, ambitious as we are, owing to the prohibitive prices of land, etc. The issues of COUNTRY LIFE are awaited with considerable interest and with the hope for more articles on this important subject.—B. P. B.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your article in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for January 11th on the above deals with the matter in a most wise and far-reaching way, and most properly points out the many difficulties that beset the path of an officer anxious to create a career. I agree with you, a quick intensive preparation is the thing. Men of mature age cannot afford years out of their life to learn farming, and in my opinion it is not necessary. Far too much is made of the years that one must live to gain agricultural experience. I say, from experience, after careful consideration, the main elements that are necessary to succeed financially as a farmer, can be acquired by a quick-minded, anxious man inside twelve months. True, he will not have had experience of all kinds of seasons, crops, live stock or land in this time, but let the truth be told—very few, if any, farmers have; but in twelve months the general principles guiding agriculture can be learnt and their application made with great exactitude by those who can follow printed instructions and experiences. I feel sure much of the idea that you must be old before you know enough to farm successfully has grown up through many farmers not being able to learn from the written or printed word, but only in the slow and hard school of practical experience. They learn their individual tasks over a series of years, and even then in many cases not the principles, without which one is conservative and hide bound. Another side on which the agriculturist suffers from lack of training is on the side of preparing a financial budget of his future operations. I believe if every officer starting to learn agriculture were clearly shown how to prepare a budget of the expenditure and receipts in detail of the work he intended to do, it would in a most striking fashion show him what he had to contend with from a time, money and work point of view, which would never be forgotten. It would show him what financial returns were necessary to make a success and indicate in advance the expensive ones so that he might have time to seek advice as to how to reduce them. I know many will say that all this is done on many farms, but so far I have not come across a general farmer doing it in a thorough way. Without this farming seems to me much more of a lottery than is really necessary. If the officer farmer will read about the work he is going to do next day, and then again read the same evening, it is surprising how quickly he will get a grip of matters, and very quickly outdistance his teacher who has only learnt by practical experience, and not plus the experience of others which is set out in so many good books on agriculture and its operations. I affirm most definitely that many of the so-called difficulties of farming are caused by not looking far enough ahead and taking steps in advance to mitigate difficulties that are possible to arise. Teach principles to bright enthusiastic minds and farming becomes of absorbing interest, and much more certain in its results than is generally admitted.—S. F. EDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to an article in your issue of January 11th, entitled "Discharged Officers and the Land," the author's real insight into this matter has greatly interested me, and doubtless many others, too. It is in a way the first reply to a previous letter of mine published in a previous issue—though confined to horticulture as a profession (not counting the reply published with it). His alternatives to the Government scheme also appeal to me as being essentially practical and in accordance with his views. Exams. always were a bugbear to me. I don't fancy three years' competitive study when, nearing thirty years of age, I wish to take my coat off and start founding a home. Thank God, I am still single, so have not that other to think for too. I quite admit the difficulties before the Government in selecting the best course to adopt, and so in my own little way hope to set the ball rolling of current opinion in your widely read publication. I am, as it were, seconding the article alluded to, and it also helps and interests me to see what others are thinking about, especially those similarly placed (or rather displaced). I flatter myself and my war mates that the authorities would prefer to retain us as citizens, and will therefore devise attractions sufficient to neutralise the ever present instinct of our race to vamoose into the Big World and try our luck elsewhere. In any case there is certain to be a proportion of emigration. In my own small experience of fellow-Irishmen of all ranks, they, finding themselves not at all appreciated by the country (except a small minority) whose honour they did their best to uphold, intend to shake its dust off their feet and go to the lands of the Empire, where they are likely to find a living and a welcome. For my part I am making some effort to settle in Great Britain, and at present am studying much on the lines of the first alternative mentioned in the article alluded to, namely, study at a model farm of the lines

which my capital is likely to be best adapted to, namely, horticulture and orchardry.—O. H. A.

[This letter and those above are answered in the article on "Discharged Officers and the Land" on page 97.—ED.]

WANTED: A CONGRESS OF DICTIONARY MAKERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If it is, as I think, too early to adjudicate upon the claims of new words crept in during war time to a place in our dictionaries, Mr. Oldbuck does good service if he sets us classifying them. The wearisome and meaning less application of the word "camouflage," to which your correspondent refers, is possibly the worst instance of the manner in which a few words have been over-worked, stretched and mangled. But the war has also restricted the meanings of some. An example may be seen in this week's "Punch," below the picture of a lady talking to a soldier in the Park. He is explaining, in answer to her suggestion that he will be glad to be out of uniform, that he was a soldier "in civvy life." "Civil" life has come to be nearly synonymous with pre-war life in soldier-talk, and "civvies" quite definitely means multi clothing and is, if I mistake not, an entirely new word.—CHARLES BERNARD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Jonathan Oldbuck," raises an interesting point in asking whether "camouflage" is or is not to be admitted into common English use. It is true that only by twisting its meaning out of all resemblance to its original form does it make its way into half the sentences in which it appears, but it is a useful expression and a century or so on it will delight the lover of words to find this souvenir of the great war embedded in the English tongue; an evidence of the good feeling between us and the French. But for the use of the verb "to strafe," of which your correspondent writes so lightly, what excuse can be made? As far as my knowledge serves me it does not even share derivation with any English word, and to a German, before the war gave it a more violent significance, it meant no more than "punish" does to us. Our faces are set against German manners, methods and manufactures; surely there is no good reason to be found for including this enemy alien in the stock of good English words?—ISABEL CRAMPTON.

WHO WROTE "ROBINSON CRUSOE"?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The rules of evidence are a little strained when the authenticity of Defoe's greatest work is called in question by what Wharton records of a septuagenarian's remembrance of what Lord Sunderland told him of Lord Oxford. Indeed, I had supposed this tale of Lord Oxford's authorship of "Robinson Crusoe" was long since disposed of. There is, of course, no question of Defoe's intimacy with the first Lord Oxford, whose patronage he sought with small regard to his own dignity. Lord Oxford was a great lover of literature and a generous patron, but his performances as an author are negligible. A few of his poems are printed in Swift's "Works," and Lord Macaulay administers summary justice when he describes them "more execrable than the bellman's." Defoe, on the other hand, is the author of some 250 works, and though the sequel to "Robinson Crusoe"—like many another sequel that has no inspiration but demand—may fall far short of its predecessor, his "Journal of the Plague Year," which appeared in 1722, is one of the most remarkable performances in English literature. "Moll Flanders," too, whatever else we may think of it, is the work of a great artist—the artist who fashioned "Robinson Crusoe." Something better than third-hand hearsay evidence must be adduced before Lord Oxford's claim to have written some of the finest prose in the language can be listened to seriously. This year, by the way, is the bi-centenary of "Robinson Crusoe's" publication.—CANTAB.

FLOWERS IN BLOOM ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest lovers of COUNTRY LIFE to hear that on Christmas Day I had on my dinner table a bowl of pink roses—out of doors grown—besides brilliant coloured wallflowers, Lenten Hellebore, blue periwinkle, and quantities of violets.—HELEN BUTT.

REFERENCE WANTED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following verses seem peculiarly appropriate this winter. Can anyone say who wrote them?

The weather depends on the moon, it is said,
And I've found the saying quite true;
For in England it rains when the moon's at the full,
And it rains when the moon's at the new.

When the moon's at the quarter then down comes the rain,
At the half 'tis no better, I ween;
When the moon's at three-quarters it's at it again,
And it rains mostly always between.

—A. LA T.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This is a true story. In a beautiful old-world garden a little boy of four years old was playing alone, digging with a spade. It was war-time, and he had heard a discussion by his parents on Conscientious Objectors. As he was throwing up the earth a worm came to light, so he tried to kill it with his spade, but the worm riggled off in haste to hide itself. "Oh!" said the little boy with great disdain, "Now I know what Conscientious Objectors are! You are one, for you object to be killed."—T. S.

WITH THE HOUNDS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—This photograph of a meet of the Thika Harriers, taken at Mbagathi Camp in British East Africa, may amuse your fox-hunting English readers as a sort of contrast to the hunting scenes to which they are accustomed. It was a pretty sight; Master and whips were in green with yellow collars and white helmets. Mbagathi Camp is all grass huts, and there were four or five thousand natives there officered by white men, and the officers turned out in force on remounts. We started, drew blank for some time, and then across a "donga," after a great row, discovered that the hounds had put up a lion! They were very firmly whipped off, put up a jackal and killed, and then a waterbuck, which got away. Then it was time to call off, as the sun was too hot.—NAIROBI.

THE VERB "TO PINGLE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I think your correspondent in correcting "Dakctor" as to the meaning of the verb "to pingle" is himself badly mixed. In rural Suffolk it is in common use as meaning to be fanciful about one's food. The nouns "pingle," "pickle" and "p'ghtle" all signify the same thing—a small piece of enclosed ground with a hedge round it. Many old words fallen into disuse still survive in the East Anglian area among the labourers, e.g., "dag" for dew, "morkin" for scarecrow, etc. "Sarnick," to amissly lounge along, comes from "sarn," a stepping-stone, the connection being obvious.—SELIG SUFF.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WHITE FLAG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The white flag has played a prominent part lately in the surrender of the enemy's land and sea forces. Are any details known as to its origin? It was familiar to Shakespeare, as he tells us in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre":

"By the semblance of their
White flags displayed,
They bring us peace."



A MEET OF THE THIKA HARRIERS.

A later case shows us that the savages were acquainted with its purport, for the story goes that in a war between the Indians and the settlers in the backwoods of North America, a Quaker, who refused to fly, saw a horde of savages rushing towards his house. He set food before them, and when they had eaten, the Indian chief fastened a white feather over the door as a badge of friendship and peace. Though many Indian bands subsequently passed this house, none violated the covenant by injuring its inmates or property.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

A RHYME OF THE MONTHS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Your correspondent will find the rhyme beginning "January brings the snow" in Mr. E. V. Lucas' anthology "The Child's Book of Verses." I am sorry that I cannot quote the whole of it from memory.—DOROTHY G. LAWSON.

[We have received copies of the verses from many correspondents, to whom our thanks are due.—ED.]

OLD ENGLISH HARRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I send you a photograph of the Axe Vale Harriers, mastered by Mr. J. I. Scarbrough of Colyford House, Colyford, East Devon. These hounds are one of the few remaining packs of the old light-coloured Devonshire horned. They are a very ancient type of English hunting hound, and are descended largely from a famous pack hunted by Parson Froude in the early part of the last century. The old Devon and Somerset Saghounds, which were broken up and sold to Germany in 1825, were a similar race of hound, but bred on a much larger and heavier scale. Among packs of harriers of this type still hunting in the West Country may be mentioned the Cotley, kennelled near Chard on the borders of Somerset and Devon; the Savington, another Somerset pack; and the Quarne, hunting on Exmoor. The Axe Vale Harriers are among the few remaining packs in England which hunt hare and fox. The Cotley is another famous old pack which also hunt either quarry, as, I believe, do the Seavington Harriers. The Axe Vale Harriers hunt the fox with remarkable vigour and success, and are yet perfectly steady and equally successful on hare when they pursue that animal. The Cotley Harriers are also remarkable fox-catchers, and yet hunt hare equally well. All sportsmen versed in hunting history are aware that until the end of the eighteenth century a large number of English squire's kept packs of hounds which hunted both kinds of quarry, and in summer often diversified their sport by pursuing the otter. William Somerville, author of "The Chase," is a well known example of this hunting catholicity. These excellent West Country hounds are in colour nearly all white and lemon, or tan, white and badger pie, white and hare pie, or pure white. Mr. Scarbrough of the Axe Vale, who has had these hounds for more than thirty years, favours the white and lemon; but, personally, I prefer the white and badger pie, a rare and, to my mind, wonderfully handsome type. I enclose also an interesting snapshot of a fox hunted by the Axe Vale Harriers. Reynard is a cute fellow and seldom gives the peripatetic photographer a fair chance of a picture.—H. A. BRYDEN.



THE AXE VALE HARRIERS AT COLYFORD.



REYNARD FLEEING BEFORE HIS ENEMIES.